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CHARLES CARROLL, OF CARROLLTON:

A CATHOLIC HERO FOR THE COMING CENTENNIAL.

THE Sabbatarian quiet and calm Quaker spirit of the good city of Philadelphia is sadly disturbed; for nearly two years there has been a din and bustle of preparation for a grand indefinite something,—indefinite, however, not in itself, but only as to the magnitude and splendor of the realization of the great idea that has seized upon the brains and laid like a brilliant incubus upon the minds of our usually stolid and easy-going citizens. This idea has proven strongly communicative in its nature, and has run like an electric current past its original limits to thrill every class of minds throughout the nation and the world. So powerful a thought from so calm a source must forebode something extraordinary, as in truth it does. That thought is the celebration of the centennial of the Declaration of American Independence in the place most appropriate for such an event, the city wherein that Magna

Charta not of a nation only, but of the world, was framed and promulgated.

Of the plan of the celebration we need not here speak. The magnificent purpose of those who have it in charge is already well known, though scarcely as yet realized as to its stupendous grandeur by the masses of the people. They only know it as yet by what we have designated it—as a splendid but indefinite something of the future, to the consummation of which all energies are bent, all purse-strings loosened. Hence we have a whole host of objects bearing the designation of Centennial, as if, after the true Yankee fashion, to familiarize the mind to the object by the constantly renewing mention of the name. Centennial committees, Centennial meetings, Centennial hotels, Centennial steamboats, Centennial streets, Centennial parks, Centennial hats, Centennial neckties, Centennial skirts, Centennial bonnets

(not, of course, for centennial ladies—oh dear no! lovely woman's age is sufficiently certain as not to reach that extended tenure),—in fact, the whole air is so redolent of Centenarianism that we begin to feel like so many Rip Van Winkles as we tread the streets of our goodly town, living over again the reminiscences of our school days, as realized more vividly than books could teach them, in the centennials of the minor revolutionary events which cluster like satellites around the grand central festival of the "glorious Fourth." Again we laugh with patriotic mirth at the doings of the Boston tea-party; again we hear in fancy Major Pitcairn cry out, as he rides presumptuously over the village green at Lexington, "Down with your arms, rebels! down with your arms!" Bunker Hill and Cowpens, Brandywine and Germantown, Monmouth and Valley Forge, Saratoga and Yorktown, are again before us in all their vivid reality. The dim, shadowy forms of the departed royal governors pass before us in the faded habiliments of their former splendor, like the ghosts of Banquo's line, and startling us by their strange fantastic shapes, awaken us more fully than any other historic reminiscence to the living fact that the past is dead, that America of the closing nineteenth century is not the colonial appendage of the British crown; that the statesmanship of the Walpoles, Foxes, Pitts, and Burkes of the British school, and the Jeffersons, Hamiltons, Clays, and Websters of the American order, has given place to the politics of a Ben Butler and a Simon Cameron; a Continental Congress to a Washington Ring.

The shrill whistle of the locomotive arouses us still further from our historical reverie to the patent fact that the material progress of the age is marvellous; that there

is an immense distance from the days of the stage-coach, canal-boat, and the post-rider, to those of the ocean steamship and the magnetic telegraph.

The only living thing that seems to be a connecting link between the past and the present is yonder pert miss, with her incipient imitation of the towering old-time head-gear, and her quaint Dolly Varden, that does look like a fortieth cousin to her great-great-grandmother's faded brocade gown and kirtle, though there is but little family resemblance between the face so full of maidenly modesty and dignity that peers from the portrait of that ancient dame among the rubbish in the garret, and the bold, brazen countenance of her latest female descendant.

These antitheses are suggestive. If the material progress of the age and nation is wonderful, does the moral advance keep proportionate pace? We fear not. Still, matters are not so bad, all things, such as godless schools, a licentious press, and a man-made religion, considered. And, after all, our grandfathers and grandmothers being mortal like all their descendants, couldn't have been exactly paragons of perfection in all things—nay, the spirit of the times considered, perhaps they were no better, or not so good, as we are. Nevertheless, certain it is that there must be something even in the purely moral order which, with all the disadvantages of social and political corruption displaying itself so visibly in the terrible political contests, the horrors of a great civil war, and the train of social evils which is eating like a canker-worm into the heart of the family and business circles, destroying the ties of blood and affection and sapping the confidence which man naturally seeks to repose in his fellow-man,—there must be, we repeat, something which, in spite of all this,

has, like a guardian angel, brought our glorious republic in strength unparalleled, in power as yet not all developed, in beauty unimpaired, in majesty undiminished to this celebration of her ONE HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY.

What is that something? The vigor of a plant displayed in flower and leaf and blossom comes, we know, from good soil and a healthy root and an invigorating atmosphere; the good character of the child, of the grown man, untarnished not because it is unconscious of evil, but because it has the inherent or acquired power of resisting its attacks, redounds to the honor of the parent who created, and, by training, moulded it. So if we would learn the secret of our country's glory we must, after the teaching of the wise men of every age, "study the examples of the fathers," mindful of the language of Holy Writ, "*Rememorami pristinos dies in quibus illuminati magnam certamen sustinuistis.*" "*Remember those early days, in which, being enlightened, you sustained a great conflict.*" Surely the forefathers of our Revolution were men of mighty virtue, of unparalleled simplicity, of conscious nobility, of unflinching justice, to sustain, with their feeble extent of resources, the mighty conflict of those early days which established us a nation. But how sublime above all ordinary comprehension must have been that far-seeing wisdom which caused them to lay the foundations of the republic so broad and deep that all the rudest shocks of a century have not been able to shake it, which enabled them to give to a form of government politically the most unstable all the durability of the strongest of dynasties,—that intellectual power which has made the Union, in the language of Victor Hugo, a colossus of bronze, which traitors could only scratch. "*La*

republique Americaine est un colosse de bronze les traitres ne peuvent que l'égratiner."

But our country's power is not merely a defensive, a self-preserving one: she is the teacher, the example, the queen of the nations, the terror of tyrants; the oppressed of all the earth seek refuge beneath her star-spangled mantle. The wisdom of the classic lands and the science of the Orient look for inspiration to revive their flickering light from the beautifully beaming brow of the young queen of the West. In her teaching she is not aggressive. She makes no missions for herself, and, going forth, enforces her self-dictated doctrines with pompous rhetoric or sharp-pointed sword, but sits quietly at home, on her throne of hills encircled by oceans, and preaches to the world by *her example*. And soon the face of the earth shall be agitated, its oceans be furrowed by the gaily-bounding ships, its lands by the swiftly whirling railroads that bear the wealth, the brilliant brain-fruits, and the crafty hand-works of all the world to the lap of fair Philadelphia, to be offered through her hands and in her appropriate name of Brotherly Love as the tribute of the nations to their umpire and queen. And turbaned caliph and crowned czar, and mitred pontiff, shall bow in typical political reverence as they clasp, with hand of peace and good-will, the grasp of a crownless President.

Whence, we again repeat, this glorious consummation? The vested pontiffs and mail-clad princes of Runnymede wrested, at the point of the sword, from a weak and defenceless king the charter of Britain's liberties; but the few simple-hearted, pure-minded, and unarmed men who, in Independence Hall, wrested by a stroke of the pen, from that same powerful but faithless Britain's haughty monarch the palladium of America's liberties,

conferred a far greater benefit to the world, and left for all time a spectacle for men to worship and to wonder at.

Among that little band of dauntless patriots there was one whom we Catholics of America can pre-eminently claim as our hero, our exemplar for the coming Centennial, nay, in some respects the greatest of them all—CHARLES CARROLL, OF CARROLLTON. We make this broad statement advisedly and not unmindful of such pre-eminent names as Massachusetts' sturdy statesman, Samuel Adams, or Pennsylvania's dignified, gentle, and intellectual Benjamin Franklin, and hosts of others whose fame is as familiar as a household word. Yet we will look in vain in the history of Carroll's career for any of those brilliant achievements which usually make a man a hero in the esteem of his fellow-men. His grandeur was of a gentler mould, like one of those delicate pieces of ancient Grecian statuary, whose artistic graces and delicately chiselled proportions must be studied in detail ere the beauty of the whole becomes apparent to the observer. Gentility of blood, suavity of manner, the polish of education, simplicity of taste, but, above all, that sterling gift of faith, the old-time "faith of our fathers," insinuating itself into all the actions—even the minutest—of every-day life,—this it was that made him great; this it was that made him greater than his associates, whose signatures accompany his on the famous Declaration. Their patriotism was undoubtedly sincere, self-sacrificing, exalted; but it sprang from the human source, the natural love of liberty—natural in its origin, natural in its tendencies; while his was electrified by the grace divine of that faith born charity, of which it is said, "If the Spirit of God shall make you free, you shall be

free indeed." Fed by the sincerest and tenderest piety, this spirit of faith and devotion grew with his growth and gilded his dying hours with the accumulated effulgence of a lifetime.

There can be no true greatness inseparable from goodness, and that Charles Carroll combined both in a pre-eminent degree is unquestionable, from the esteem and influence with which he swayed his fellow-men. Happy will it be for the Catholic men of America, youths and seniors; happier still for the land we love and live in, when the light of such an example shall be the guiding star that illuminates the surrounding darkness of infidelity, dishonesty, impurity, and that false liberty whose law is death.

Charles Carroll came of a good pedigree; his grandfather, Daniel Carroll, of Littalouna, King's County, Ireland, was a lawyer of the Inner Temple. He held during the reign of James II, a clerkship in the office of Lord Powis, one of James's leading cabinet ministers, but left England shortly before the accession of King William, of Orange, to seek his fortune in the American colonies. It is related that Mr. Carroll remarked one day to his lordship, that he was happy to find that the affairs of the state and of the king's service, were proceeding so prosperously, to which Lord Powis replied: "You are quite in the wrong; affairs are going on very badly; the king is very ill advised," and then after pausing a few moments, thus continued: "Young man, I have a regard for you and would gladly do you a service. Take my advice; great changes are at hand; go out to Maryland; I will speak to Lord Baltimore in your favor." And Mr. Carroll, following the advice of his friend, obtained government employment in Maryland, with liberal grants of land; and settled

as a merchant in Upper Marlboro, Maryland, where he died in 1765, leaving his family independently wealthy. And this was the establishment in America of one of its noblest families, a family who in the person of John, first Archbishop of Baltimore, and his illustrious cousin Charles, the subject of this sketch, has made itself renowned while our country has a history or where the Church of Christ is known; for the Carrolls through all their generations have been stanch in their Catholicity, as well as gentle in their blood.

Charles Carroll, the son of Daniel Carroll, and father of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, was born in 1702, and soon became a prominent man in the province, from the active part which he took in the affairs of the colonial government, but more especially from the necessarily lively interest which he as a Catholic felt in the religious disputes of the day. All historians concur in representing the position of the Catholics of Maryland at that time as deplorable; the persecution from which they had fled in the mother country was waged even on the virgin soil of the Colonies with as relentless a vigor as under the immediate shadow of the British sceptre. But what rendered their situation particularly annoying, was the fact that they themselves had established the colony of Maryland with their own wealth and toil as a special refuge from religious persecution, not only for themselves, but by Baltimore's magnanimous, though, perhaps, unwise proclamation of religious toleration for the downtrodden adherents of all the sects, who, now returning his generous liberality by the basest ingratitude, became in turn the oppressors of their liberators. Roman Catholic priests, says Sanderson, a *Protestant historian*, were forbidden to exercise any of the functions of public worship. The provincial

council granted orders to take children from the pernicious influence of Catholic parents; Catholic laymen were denied the right of suffrage, and their lands were assessed double when the exigencies of the province required additional supplies. Besides the oppression of legislative enactments, personal animosity was carried to such an extent that the Catholics were considered as beyond the pale of fellowship, not suffered to walk with their fellow-subjects in front of the state-house at Annapolis, and were finally obliged to wear swords for their personal protection, a privilege which we are surprised to find was allowed to them by their bigoted oppressors. Whenever the enemies of God seek to destroy the Church they invariably begin by attacking Catholic education, and substituting in its place a godless system of mental training, knowing full well that if they drop the poison at the source, the whole stream will flow on an irresistible torrent of corruption. Our forefathers of the Maryland colony were not exempted from this evil, less bearable than the physical torture of the executioner. Catholic schoolmasters were tracked by the myrmidons of the law, and even parents were prohibited from giving their children religious instruction. In this emergency, nothing seemed left to the Catholics but to seek a better fortune by emigrating still further into the unexplored wilds of the vast continent. Among others, Charles Carroll, then on a visit to France, sought to obtain a tract of land beyond the Arkansas River. The extent of the tract demanded, when pointed out on the map of the then Louisiana territory, startled the French Minister of State, and the grant was not obtained. But Mr. Carroll was happily not obliged to carry out his design of leaving Maryland, for shortly after his return, the rigor of the persecution

was relaxed, and the Catholics once more rested in safety beneath "the shadow of their own vine."

Charles Carroll's wife was Elizabeth Brook, who seems to have belonged to an old Maryland family, from the fact that the name frequently appears in Maryland genealogies. Their illustrious son, Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, was born at Annapolis on the eighth (twentieth of September N. S.) 1737. Amid all the religious oppression of the day, the stanch soldiers of the company of Jesus, following the dictates of their noble leader Loyola, had never relaxed in Maryland their hold of the great citadel of the faith, Catholic education. At Bohemia, a remote and secluded spot on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, these noble Jesuits had established a grammar school, "where, without observation or molestation, the Catholic youths of the province received a preparatory training for the European colleges." Here young Carroll and his cousin John, afterwards first Archbishop of America, made their minor studies. Father Farmer, the early apostle of Pennsylvania, was one of the teachers at Bohemia. The old mission is yet in the hands of the brave sons of Loyola.

From hence the two Carrolls, whose names were to be so intimately blended in their country's history, the one in the ecclesiastical, the other in the political order, went, just where "everybody who was anybody" among the persecuted Catholics of the British dominions went, in those days, for a collegiate education, namely, to Rheims, St. Omers, and Louis Le Grand. It was during Charles Carroll's residence at the last-named place that his father visited France, for the double purpose of seeing his son, who had been parted from him at eight years of age, and also to obtain the grant of territory to which we have already alluded. Passing

from Louis Le Grand, the young Charles commenced the study of the civil law at Bourges, whence he returned to college at Paris, where he continued until 1757, in which year he took up his apartments in that famous school of all common law students, the Inner Temple, London. He had resided six years at St. Omers, one year at Rheims, two years at Louis Le Grand, one more at Bourges, two at Paris, seven in England, and thus, after nineteen years of student life, characterized by piety of character, application of mind, talents of brain, and amiability of disposition, he returned, in 1764, at the age of twenty-seven, to his native shores, surely inferior to none by abilities, natural and acquired, of all those who with him took part "in the first discussion of those principles which being (just at that time) honestly proclaimed and fearlessly supported, occasioned the war of the Revolution."

Mankind is naturally agitative. One popular excitement seldom dies out before another succeeds. It was perhaps the forebodings of the coming revolution which withdrew the Protestant colonists from their open oppression or petty social teasings against their Catholic fellow-citizens. Certain it is that the Stamp Act soon united all classes in a common system of defence against the mother country. This defence naturally was at first polemical not military; the country required talents of a high order to compete in the controversial arena with such statesmen as Britain could boast of in those days, and colonial America called not in vain; her sons could talk, and when talking proved fruitless, they would show her that they could fight; the fact that "the general character of the arguments used was calm and dignified," proves that colonial statesmanship was of a very high order. Need we add that in that

peaceful triumph of the rostrum and the pen, the talents of such a man as Charles Carroll were not allowed to remain unrecognized, but shared in the victory of the repeal of the obnoxious enactment.

Local interests alone claimed his attention during the political calm which followed, the large landed interests and extended connections of Mr. Carroll giving him great weight in the discharge of his duties as an active and able citizen. It was also during this period of comparative repose that he married, in June, 1768, Miss Mary Darnell, daughter of Henry Darnell, Jr., who was sufficiently lauded in the chronicles of the day, and whose family, if we mistake not, was already connected by marriage with the Carrolls, Archbishop Carroll's mother having been a Miss Eleanor Darnell.

The next occasion which called Mr. Carroll prominently before the public, and indeed confirmed him in their political favor, if it did not also greatly assist in the promotion of that spirit of revolution which was rapidly growing in the minds of the people, was a purely local one,—the question of "the settling of the fees by proclamation." In 1770 the public attention began to be turned towards the fees of the civil offices of the colony. The House of Delegates began an investigation, which demonstrated many abuses resulting from the then existing system, and the necessity of a change in the table of fees was fully demonstrated, not only on account of the old abuses, but the new and growing wants of the province. The lower house, upon due consideration, passed a new law commensurate with the requirements of the period. But when it was sent up for the concurrence of the upper house, it met with violent opposition from those members of that body whose official profits would have been di-

minished by its passage, and the influence of these men effectually defeated it. In this emergency, Governor Eden, with the advice of his counsel, whose sympathies were evidently with the bill, issued a proclamation, dated November 26, 1770, only a few days after the prorogation of the Assembly, commanding and enjoining all officers and persons acting in an official capacity, not to take, under pain of his displeasure, any other or greater fees than those therein mentioned.

Here it will be readily seen that the remedy was worse than the disease. Bad as the old system of fees might have been, the question of its continuance or repeal was evidently vested in the representatives of the people, and the fact that they had acted unwisely and selfishly in continuing it, did not sanction the principle that "two wrongs will make a right," from which Governor Eden evidently acted when he usurped the high-handed authority which was displayed in his proclamation, and which all the arguments of his supporters tending to prove that this action was a part of his prerogative, failed to convince the minds of the excited people.

The contest resulting from this condition of affairs was waged long and bitterly; but it finally resolved itself and spent its force in the celebrated dialogue between a "First Citizen" and "Second Citizen," though the latter, Mr. Daniel Dulaney, provincial secretary, afterwards dropped this title and continued the discussion under the signature of Antillon. This newspaper war created the most intense sensation, and the great test question of the coming revolution, the right of taxing the people without the consent of their representatives, was argued in the ablest and boldest manner by "First Citizen." One passage in particular thrilled the

entire community, referring to the disagreement between the two houses. The writer said: "*The authority of the chief magistrate interposed and took the decision of this important question from the other branches of the Legislature to itself. In a land of freedom this arbitrary exertion of prerogative will not, must not be endured.*"

Even the supporters of First Citizen were startled by language so determined, but those among them who happened to possess the secret of Mr. Carroll's authorship were astonished, says his biographer, Sanderson, at one of the largest landholders in the country avowing sentiments which might be so injurious to him personally in their consequences. He however carried the day, "Antillon" was silenced, and the proclamation subsequently carried by a numerous procession to the gallows, when, after being suspended for a time, it was publicly burned beneath them by the common hangman.

Letters of congratulation were sent in from all quarters to First Citizen, through the public press, as the only means of communication with an anonymous author, but when it became known that that author was Charles Carroll, the enthusiasm was greatly intensified; the delegates, William Paca and Matthias Hammond, had, on the day of their election, been instructed to return the thanks of their constituents to the great anonymous, and they obeyed in a letter filled with admiring sentiments of the warmest gratitude; but now that the author was revealed, the people of Annapolis came in a body to thank him for his defence of their rights.

This was what we would call nowadays "the making" of Mr. Carroll. Henceforth he was master of the people's confidence, and one of their foremost champions in all the preparatory measures taken for

their defence against British aggression. With the keen penetration of a statesman, he foresaw the approaching struggle with the mother country, and never once doubted about the issue of such a contest resulting favorably for the Colonies. As early as 1771 or 1772, in a conversation with Samuel Chase, the latter remarked, "Carroll, we have the better of our opponents; we have completely written them down." "And do you think that writing will settle the question between us?" asked Mr. Carroll. "To be sure," replied Chase, "what else can we resort to?" "The bayonet!" was the decisive answer, "our arguments will only raise the feelings of the people to that pitch when open war will be looked to as the arbiter of the dispute."

Some years before the commencement of actual hostilities, Mr. Graves, the brother of Admiral Graves, and then a member of the British Parliament, wrote to Mr. Carroll on the subject of the disturbances in America, laughing at the idea of resistance on the part of the Colonies, and declaring that six thousand English soldiers would march from one end of the continent to the other. "So they may," said Mr. Carroll, in his answer, "but they will be the masters of the spot only on which they encamp; they will find naught but enemies before and around them. If we are beaten on the plains we will retreat to the mountains, and defy them. Our resources will increase with our difficulties. Necessity will force us to exertion, until tired of combating in vain, against a spirit which victory after victory cannot subdue, your armies will evacuate our soil, and your country retire an immense loser from the contest. No, sir! we have made up our minds to abide the issue of the approaching struggle, and though much blood may be spilt, we have no doubt of

ultimate success." The effect of such sentiments on the people of the Colonies can readily be seen served to place their enunciator among the first rank of American patriots and statesmen, and if his active co-operation was not at first so apparent in the earlier events of the Revolution, it was owing more to circumstances of time and place, than to any lack of courage in following up his bold words by deeds as brave. While the quotations which we have given will serve to prove to our readers that Mr. Carroll was not a believer in "peace at any price," but rather that in a just cause, he preferred "war to the knife and the knife to the hilt," he was not a political namby-pamby.

Yet another instance recorded of Mr. Carroll's firmness in the political emergencies of the times, and of the influence which it gained for him with his fellow-citizens. A quantity of tea, an article the importation of which into Maryland was forbidden by a resolution of the House of Delegates of June 22d, 1774, had been brought up to Annapolis by the brig *Peggy Stewart*. The whole populace was in an uproar; all the neighboring counties sent their self-constituted delegations to the capital town, and the crowds surrounding the court-house threatened master and consignees with violence, and the vessel and cargo with destruction. Committees were appointed to superintend the unloading of the brig, and prohibit the landing of the tea. The excitement remained unabated, and the friends of Mr. Antony Stewart, the owner of the vessel, applied to Mr. Carroll, as one whose influence would protect him from violence. Mr. Carroll's advice was short, sharp, and decisive. "It will not do, gentlemen, to export the tea to Europe or the West Indies. Its importation, contrary to the known regulations of the Convention, is an offence for which the

people will not be so easily satisfied; and whatever may be my personal esteem for Mr. Stewart, and my wish to prevent violence, it will not be in my power to protect him, unless he consents to pursue a more decisive course of conduct. My advice is that he set fire to the vessel, and burn her, together with the tea that she contains, to the water's edge." The result was that in a few hours' afterwards, the *Peggy Stewart*, with sails set and colors flying, appeared to the cheering crowds upon the shore, a vast sheet of flame.

From this time official provincial honors began to be heaped upon Charles Carroll. But his widely-known talents, and his enthusiastic zeal for the cause of American Independence, could not fail of recognition throughout the country, consequently, when in 1776 Congress determined upon sending a delegation to Canada, Mr. Carroll was appointed a commissioner, in conjunction with Benjamin Franklin and Samuel Chase. The object of the commission was to win the Canadians to the colonial cause, a very delicate mission, since the defeat of General Montgomery's expedition, and the subsequent quartering of the Continental troops upon the inhabitants, had dampened what little favorable feeling had ever existed among the Canadians toward their fellow-colonists across the St. Lawrence. But there were religious differences existing between them which were of greater weight with the Canadians than any political causes of separation. England had guaranteed them religious freedom, while on the other hand the remnants of the Puritanical influence still prevailing prior to the opening of the Revolution, had from time to time exhibited itself in the hot-headed and bigoted expressions of legislative speeches and papers. This had been particularly the case in Massachusetts,

and even in Maryland, Catholic as it ought to have been. Some of these had even gone so far as to denounce the home government for the granting of religious freedom to the Canadians. To explain all this away as the work of a few, not the judgment of the many, was the first task imposed upon the commissioners, and by a shrewd stroke of policy, the Continental Congress requested Charles Carroll to invite his illustrious cousin, Rev. John Carroll, to accompany him and his associates to the North, "*to assist them in such matters as they shall think useful.*" The invitation was accepted, and the four patriots and firm friends set out from Philadelphia, early in 1776, on their tedious journey to Montreal. They presented in their various proclamations a very clear statement of these grievances; the mutual advantages to be gained by both parties sinking all previous political and religious differences, and presenting a united front against England. They offered the most liberal inducements; all these at first with some prospects of success, "but the continuance of some of the causes of dissatisfaction, the want of specie, clothing, and provisions; the disorder and sickness prevailing among the American troops, and their total inadequacy to the object for which they entered Canada, again occasioned murmurs among the inhabitants, and finally alienated their affections from the United Colonies." Neither was Mr. Carroll's influence with the Catholic laymen of Canada, nor that of Father Carroll with their clergy, sufficient to remove the religious prejudices and stubborn opinions of such a people as the stolid *habitants*. In a word, the mission was a failure, and on the 12th of June, 1776, the commissioners returned to Philadelphia, and presented their discouraging report at the very

time that the Congress was wavering on the question of promulgating the immortal Declaration, wherein Charles Carroll would see realized the result which he had anticipated and hastened years before in his discussion with "Antillon." But he found the representatives of his native State shackled with instructions "to disavow in the most solemn manner, all design in the Colonies of independence." Mr. Carroll had strongly opposed these instructions at the time they had been given, and now more than ever convinced of their impropriety, hastened to Annapolis to procure their withdrawal.

By his indefatigable exertions in this matter, *we can justly claim that by his sole exertions, the vote of Maryland was procured for independence.* The old delegation to the Continental Congress and the old instructions were both withdrawn, and when the new appointments were made, Carroll's name appeared for the first time on the lists of Congress. Detained by important business at Annapolis, he did not take his seat at Philadelphia until the eighteenth of July, but he had already had the satisfaction of seeing the declaration of the convention of Maryland promulgated on the sixth of the same month. The issue of this paper was in part the result of the new instructions which he had borne so active a part in procuring. This paper gave to the world the statement of the causes which inspired the people of Maryland to join their fellow-citizens of the other colonies in proclaiming their independence. It was of itself a simple but noble document.

All the world knows by this time, the printed journals of Congress to the contrary notwithstanding, that the Declaration was merely voted on, not signed, on the fourth of July. Not, in fact, until the nineteenth of the month, as shown by

the secret journals of Congress, did the resolution pass directing it to be engrossed on parchment, and not until the second of August following were the signatures affixed; consequently, as we have seen, Mr. Carroll did not arrive in Philadelphia in time to cast his vote in favor of the document. But when, on the momentous day the roll was called, and slowly and solemnly the delegates walked up in turn to affix their signatures to that imperishable paper, Charles Carroll was asked by Mr. Hancock if he would sign. "Most willingly," said he, and went with the rest to stake by that act, larger personal interests than any man then present; for he was, not even excepting Boston's merchant prince, John Hancock, whose bold chirography headed the list as president, the richest of all the delegates. As Mr. Carroll took up the pen to sign, a bystander remarked, in words to which all, at least, mentally assented, "There go a few cool millions." But some one having suggested that there being so many Charles Carrolls the British sequestrators would have some difficulty in securing the right one, Mr. Carroll immediately dashed off the expressive words which have ever since been appended to his name, whether written or spoken—words which will ever distinguish him by the generous import they convey—OF CARROLLTON.

From this time out Mr. Carroll continued to hold various offices, local and federal. As a member of the Board of War, to which position he was appointed by Congress, in pursuance of a resolution passed on the 18th of July, to add another member thereto, he brought special facilities to the discharge of his duties; "for an investigation having been ordered by the board into the Canada expedition, and the movements of the army in the North, the local knowledge which he had

acquired in his late journey as commissioner to Canada, with his acute observations upon the state of the country and the character and dispositions of the people," were of especial service.

He was also a member of the convention which drafted the first State constitution of Maryland, and was frequently re-elected to that position; and after the dissolution of the Continental Congress, was, in December, 1778, chosen to represent his State in the Senate of the United States, where, in consequence of his having drawn the "short term" lot, he retired after two years. He was also one of the commissioners appointed to settle the boundary line between Maryland and Virginia. In 1804, however, the tide of victory turning in favor of the Democratic party, swept Mr. Carroll from political life, he having always been a decided Federalist.

Thus, in the sixty-third year of his age we find him retiring to that long private life, eventful only in the peaceful pleasures of family and friendly associations, and all the enjoyments which unimpaired vigor, wealth, talents, and the proud recollections of an honorable career, and the respect and high esteem of his fellow-citizens, could bestow.

During his thirty years of public life, embracing the most eventful period of his country's history, he is described as a politician quick in decision and prompt in execution. "His measures were open and energetic, and he was more inclined to exceed than to fall short of an end proposed. As a speaker, he was concise and animated. The advantages of travel and society made him graceful. Books, habits of study, and acute observation, made him impressive and instructive. As a writer, he was remarkably dignified; his arrangement was regular, his style full, without being diffuse, and though highly argu-

mentative, was prevented from being dull by the vein of polite learning which was visible throughout."

"In person he is slight, and rather below the middle height. His face strongly marked, his eye quick and piercing, and his whole countenance expressive of energy and determination. His manners are easy, affable, and graceful, and in all the elegances and observances of polite society, few men are his superiors." Such is the portrait drawn of him while he was yet living.

In 1825 one of Charles Carroll's granddaughters was married to the Marquis of Wellesley, viceroy of Ireland, and thus by a singular circumstance became vice-queen of the country from which, one hundred and forty years before, her ancestors had emigrated in fear of a political system which her grandfather had risked his life, fortune, and sacred honor to destroy, which fact drew forth from the late Dr. England, first Roman Catholic Bishop of Charleston, S. C., the appropriate and beautiful thought applied to Mr. Carroll, that "*in the land whence his father's father fled in fear, his daughter's daughter now reigns as queen.*"

Several of his female descendants were married among the English nobility, while some of our oldest Philadelphia families, such as the Jacksons, Bayards, and Turners, can claim a descent from him. Many years ago, when St. Mary's Church was the resort for the *élite* of Philadelphia Catholicity, many of these descendants might be seen every Sunday among the attendants at High Mass. The Hoganite schism and "the snares of the world" served, however, to draw many of them from the old faith of their fathers, and now St. Mary's can point to but one of them among her limited congregation, and she only a collateral descendant, a ven-

erable lady of nearly fourscore years.

The fourth of July, 1826, found the United States a happy, free, and prosperous nation, celebrating the golden jubilee or semi-centennial anniversary of their Independence. When that auspicious summer morning dawned all but three of that band of patriots, who in the old hall had signed the glorious Declaration of freedom, were gathered to their fathers. The names of those three were on every lip, for they were among the most illustrious of them all: John Adams, who inspired the Declaration, Thomas Jefferson, who wrote it, and Charles Carroll. Two of them were known to be grappling in the terrible struggle with death; and surely this wondrous fact is stranger than fiction, that when the sun of that sublime anniversary set, CARROLL OF CARROLLTON alone remained like a last lingering beam of the glorious orb of Independence.

John Adams, raising, with trembling hand, a glass of wine to his parched lips, gave his parting toast to the day and the nation in his final utterance, "INDEPENDENCE FOREVER!" "*Nunc dimittis, Domine! nunc dimittis!*" were the last faint words of Thomas Jefferson, as he saw realized his dying wish, by fulfilling almost to the very hour the first half century of his country's freedom. But six years later, in November, 1832, Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, disregarding the evanescent glory of the patriot's earthly renown in the dawning of the heavenly splendor of the Christian's perfected hope, exclaimed with his dying breath, "*I have lived to my ninety-sixth year; I have enjoyed continued health; I have been blessed with great wealth, prosperity, and most of the good things which the world can bestow; public approbation, esteem, applause—but what I now look back on with greatest satisfac-*

tion to myself is, that I have practiced the duties of my religion."

We have held Charles Carroll up to our readers as our Catholic hero for the coming Centennial, not because we have no other, oh, no! we do not forget the many illustrious heroes who honored their faith and adorned at the same time by their brilliant achievements the annals of their country, but because he of Carrollton, while so intimately connected with that national independence the hundredth anniversary of which we are about to celebrate, seems to combine all those types of true greatness which should adorn one who is a Catholic, and at the same time a patriot, statesman, and gentleman of the old school. America, alas! needs many such. Shall

she have them from the ranks of the Catholics whence she now more than ever needs them? Young Catholic men of America, rise and answer. Will you waste the flower of your manhood in the thirst for gold, or the vanities of error, or the debaucheries of false pleasure; or will you, looking at the portrait of the noble and gentle Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, awaken to the conviction and act up to the inspiration that not a Morris's financiering, not a Jefferson's statesmanship, not a Franklin's genius, grand though they be, will alone save our country; but that it is a Carroll's faith that, sanctifying this vast continent, must confirm America in her proud national pre-eminence?

EARTH.

It hath golden chains; but 'tis weary work
To drag their glitt'ring weight;
Though they dazzle and please a little while,
Their brightness we learn to hate,
Oh! why clasp them on the heart?

It hath shining sunbeams, that softly fall
On our paths awhile—and then?
Alas! deep and withering shadows come,
Their warm light to quench, just when
It falls brightest on the heart!

It hath sweet, sweet dreams, that we learn to love,
And to welcome, oh, so oft,
To our "inner life," but on some sad day,
Dead, dead are their voices soft;
Then, why fill with them the heart?

It hath ideals that we proudly love,
And we think so great and true;
Poor dreamers are we—for their own hands blot
The pictures our fancies drew!
Oh! why waste on them the heart?

It hath weariness—oh! what weariness,
 So real, and sad, and sure;
 It never proveth false. No, no;
 We learn its truth, and endure
 This one gift earth brings the heart.

Then why fix it here? Oh! why strive for rest
 Where there is no rest? Why stay
 Chained down where there's nothing to love or prize,
 Of which we may not some day
 Cry, " 'Tis dead!" to the poor heart?

And why linger to make a choice, when low
 In the soul a God's voice speaks,
 "Come to Me," He says, and then list, oh! list,
 Why for thee He loving seeks,
 "*For I will refresh thy heart!*"

ROSE LEBLANC.

CHAPTER XV.

ALICE had been two days at the Ursuline Convent, when one morning she was told that Rose Leblanc was asking to see her. She went to the parlor and welcomed her most cordially. "How glad I am to see you, dear Rose," she said, making her sit down beside her. "You will allow me to call you so, will you not? and I hope you will call me Alice instead of Mdlle. de Morlaix, as you did just now. Is not André with you? I was told that he had left Bordeaux some days ago."

"He is gone, Mademoiselle, gone to Italy."

"To Italy?"

"Yes. It is a long way off, is it not? almost as far as Algeria?"

"And what was the reason of this journey?" said Alice, with a troubled expression, and playing with the leaves of a book that was lying on the table.

"It was on account of his health," answered Rose. "He was never

very strong, and it seems that his military duties were too much for him. They used to laugh at him and call him the *gentleman*, and he wanted to show that he was as good as the best of them, and outdid them all. He was as thin as a skeleton when he came back, and almost immediately after his return he fell ill. He had a fever, and never slept at night, and would hardly eat anything. His poor mother was very miserable about him, and although he is now so rich, which naturally would make them all very happy, his sad and absent manner distressed them extremely. His elder brother, M. Baptiste, who loves him as if he were his son, insisted on his seeing a doctor. "Now you are rich," he said, "you must take care of yourself as the rich do." So they sent for M. Douleau, who is the cleverest doctor in the town. He said at once that his lungs were affected, and strongly advised his spending the winter in Italy. M. André was good enough

to come and ask me whether I objected to this. I said that, on the contrary, he ought certainly to go since the doctor ordered it; and so he went, as I had the honor of telling you before, and it will be a week to-morrow since he started."

"And what does the doctor say?" asked Alice, turning pale; "does he hold out hopes of a speedy recovery?"

"Yes; he says that travelling and change of scene will do him good, and that with care he will soon get better. André has divided his fortune between his mother, his brother, and himself; so they are now well provided for, and very much pleased with him."

"And you, dear Rose," said Alice, with a forced smile; "you must have been very glad to see him again."

"Oh, yes; of course," replied Rose, twirling the corners of her apron.

"And your uncle and aunt are no longer opposed to the marriage?"

"They say that it is all right now that we shall have enough to live upon, and that I am old enough to choose for myself."

"This winter will seem very long," said Alice, with an involuntary sigh.

"Ah, yes; very long, as you say. Now that I no longer go to market, and have not to work for a substitute, the day appears very tedious. There is nobody at home now but my uncle and aunt, and since Henri went away they have become so gloomy and so cross that it is unbearable."

"M. Lacaze?"

"Yes; my uncle's adopted son. He went to Brittany to see some new kind of oxen, and also some ploughing machines. He has invented one himself, and he wanted to compare it with the others. They say that he is very clever about that sort of thing. Henri cannot

talk as well as many others do, but for doing work well there is no one like him in the whole country. Now that I do not go to market I take care of the cows; we have got some very fine ones at home, and one in particular, a white one, with long pointed horns. Henri showed me how to manage them just as if he had attended to them all his life. When I was ill it used to amuse me to watch them out of the window. I am very fond of animals, and so is Henri. Some people are like that, and others do not care about them at all,—M. André, for instance. He always began to yawn when I talked to him about our cows."

A slight smile crossed Alice's lips. "Well, then," she said, "tell him, when you write, that he is to bring you a pretty little Italian greyhound."

"Ah, those are such dear little dogs! I saw one in the park once; it had a great coat on, and was following an old lady all wrapped up in furs. But you see, Mademoiselle, I find it very difficult to write to M. André. It is not that I write so badly, but the spelling I cannot manage. Just think how difficult it must be when one has got out of practice. I never was very good at grammar. If you ask the Sisters, they will tell you that I always got good marks for reading and sewing, and sometimes even for arithmetic; but never for grammar. It is like being fond of animals. It comes naturally to some people and not to others."

"Oh, I do not quite agree with you there, dear Rose; with a strong will one can conquer these sort of difficulties."

"Do you think so?—even those about spelling?"

"Most certainly. And do you know, dear little Rose, that that is just what you must learn to do. With your natural cleverness and lively disposition you might do

very well without education in a little village like Jurançon, but when you marry André, you will find yourself in a position in which it will be necessary for you to be able to write easily, and without making mistakes in spelling."

"It is for that reason," said Rose, "that I begged Henri to take the money for the substitute to you himself. I had begun three or four letters to explain about it; but there were so many mistakes in all of them that I could not help crying. It was so tiresome to begin over and over again, and never to succeed. And when Henri saw how vexed I was, he said he would deliver the message himself. If he was at home now, he would help me to write to André."

"Rose!" cried Alice, with an involuntary gesture of astonishment, "how can you think of such a thing?" but seeing the calm and unconcerned expression on the girl's face she was silent. "*Has* Henri ever helped you?" she asked.

"No; he went to Brittany two days before André came back. I can write to *him* easily enough, for he does not mind mistakes in spelling; and besides, he likes to hear about what goes on at home. I tell him all about his dog and the cows."

Alice did not answer; she was thinking over a plan which her conversation with Rose had suggested to her. After a little reflection she said, "My dear little Rose, I have a proposal to make, which I hope will not be disagreeable to you. Do you not often feel that you ought to inform yourself about things, and to acquire tastes that would help you and André to have more occupations in common? The time that must elapse before André comes back seems appointed for the very purpose of enabling you to attend to what I may almost call a duty. Will you come and stay two or three months with me at La Roche Vidal? I shall soon be back

there, and a visit from you would be a real interest and pleasure to me. Try and make your uncle consent to this plan, or rather I will go and ask him myself. You will find a fine herd of cows there that I am very fond of."

"Oh, how nice!" exclaimed Rose joyously.

"We will read together; we will try to like books, because André is so fond of them; we will write—"

"Ah, you will write to him for me!" cried Rose.

"No!" said Alice, blushing deeply; "but I will teach you how to write to him."

"Oh, how kind you are, Mademoiselle! how I love you!"

"Call me Alice, then."

"No, I cannot take such a liberty as that, but if you will not let me call you Mademoiselle, I will call you my good angel."

"You consent to come, then?" asked Alice.

"With all my heart; only—"

"Well?"

"If I knew—"

"If you knew what?"

"Supposing I were wanted at home, I could always go back, could I not? When there is no one there but my uncle, Aunt Babet has not too much to do; but—if—in short, I might always go home if I was sent for, I suppose."

"Certainly; I could send some one with you to Jurançon, at any time that you might wish to go back."

"Oh, as to that, I can go very well by myself in the diligence."

"You forget that André would be angry with me if I were to allow you to travel alone."

"Just as if he were not going to do me the honor of marrying me, I suppose," answered Rose, pouting a little.

"And just as if I had not promised to watch over what is dearest to him on earth," answered Mdlle. de Morlaix, in caressing tones, but with some emotion in her voice.

Alice, Alice! it may be that Mdlle. de Tournefort was right after all: you have a noble nature; your generosity is proof against any ordeal, and your fortitude in proportion to it; but prudence is not one of your virtues, and you do not even possess common foresight. You will always be ready to sacrifice your own happiness to that of others; but rather than renounce a suffering that has become dear to you, you will plunge still deeper into your heart the sword that has pierced it. You will doubtless have courage to conceal the wound from the eyes of others, but shall you have strength to endure it to the end?

CHAPTER XVI.

ROSE had been established for some weeks at the castle of La Roche Vidal. She was one day sitting by the fireside, holding a book in her hand, which, however, she constantly allowed to fall on her knees, and exclaiming, from time to time, "Good heavens, what weather! What torrents of rain!" Then getting up she went to the window, and put her face close to the panes against which the rain was driving furiously, and listened to the hurricane which was blowing through the arches of the castle, and seemed to threaten to uproot the trees in the park. Then she returned again to her place, and taking up her book with a yawn, hastily turned over the pages, all the time following with her eyes the movements of a half-benumbed fly which was slowly crawling along the floor.

"What are you thinking about?" asked Mdlle. de Tournefort, who for some hours had been working at her embroidery with a great show of assiduity, as a sort of protest against Rose's idleness.

"I was thinking about the rain," answered Rose, leaning back and shutting her pretty black eyes as if

to pursue more at ease her meditation on this seemingly prosaic subject, which however seemed to have more interest for her than the Adventures of Télémaque, which Mdlle. de Tournefort had recommended her to read. Was she musing on the dangers that André might then be encountering at sea, for in his last letter he had said that he was on the point of leaving Naples for Sicily? or was she thinking of the day when the storm overtook her on the banks of the river, at Pau? or was she merely indulging in one of those half-mournful reveries into which we are so apt to fall while listening to the raging of a storm from whose fury we are sheltered? It was not that what the Germans call *wehmuth*, or what with us goes by name of *spleen*, had any part in her character. She was naturally as gay and as free from care as the birds of the air, and if sometimes a shade of sadness crossed her brow for a few instants, the cloud was easily dispelled. But Rose nevertheless was not entirely happy. She almost always sighed when André was mentioned. Whether it was that she had some vague suspicion of his feelings towards Alice, and of the change in his affection for herself, or that his letters were becoming shorter and more rare, so it was, that she always seemed distressed and unhappy after receiving them; though her natural liveliness soon regained the ascendant. Alice had ceased to wonder at André's liking for the attractive young peasant girl. She found it impossible not to love her for her simplicity and untaught grace. And indeed Rose was a great darling; Nothing could be more winning than her bright smile and playful ways, or more lively and original than her rejoinders; and her clear liquid eye, and the soft silvery tone of her voice won the hearts of all who approached her; while her little tempers and

innocent rebelliousness only made her a thousand times more attractive. She would coax Mdlle. de Tournefort just as she did her Aunt Babet. That worthy lady did all she could to withstand the seductions of this fascinating village girl, but the dignity of her sixteen quarterings melted like snow in the sunshine before the gay spirits and playful, enticing ways of Rose, who carried by storm, one after the other, all the bulwarks behind which she had entrenched herself, in order not to be forced to love the little peasant who had dared to think of marrying a De Vidal. As to Alice, she could scarcely find it in her heart to speak to her about study and education. She was afraid that she should only injure, by trying to improve upon it, one of those masterpieces which nature is sometimes pleased to create in order to show how exquisite her work is when she produces one of her best specimens. "What does it matter," she would say to herself, "whether Rose knows grammar or not, when without it she can warble out the prettiest language in the world, and enchant all who hear her? What is the good of wearying her with books that will never make her cleverer than she naturally is, or of teasing her with lessons when nature has taught her how to win the hearts of all who approach her?" Alice's reasoning was false; but her instinct was a true one, when she felt that by seeking to elevate Rose to André's level and to inspire her with his tastes and feelings she ran the risk of destroying the peculiar charm of her character, and that by trying to mould her disposition to another model she might only transform a graceful original into a feeble copy. Alice had hoped to give her what she herself possessed, and by dint of zeal and perseverance to communicate to her some of the gifts of mind and of soul by means of

which she had been able to exercise such a beneficial influence on her cousin; but the best will in the world would have been discouraged before so impracticable a task; and after teaching her to write correctly, and giving her a few simple elementary notions of history and geography, she renounced all idea of making this child of nature learned, and ceased to urge her to more profound studies. Whenever Rose sat down to her books, she would clasp her forehead with her hands and bend her brows, and exclaim, with sighs, "Oh, what shall I do! when I try to learn I can think of nothing but the cows at home, and the stories Aunt Babet used to tell me when I was little. I can't help it; when my good angel explains anything to me I do all I can to pay attention, but it goes in at one ear and out at the other." Alice saw that this was very true, and Rose acknowledged it with the greatest simplicity. Sometimes the two girls would sit still with their hands on the book that was open before them, and fall each into a reverie, without ever perceiving that the reading had ceased; then they would look at each other and smile, and Rose would put her arm round Alice's neck and say, "I shall never grow wise. Let us go and see the little calf that was born yesterday; it will be so much more interesting than all these histories of the Greeks and Romans."

"But that is not what we were reading about!" exclaimed Alice, in a sort of half-comical despair. "Have you forgotten already that we were to finish to-day the history of Clovis and the battle of Tolbiac? Do you not want to know how the French became Christians?"

"As long as they are Christians it is quite the same to me how it came about," replied Rose, gazing abstractedly at the birds that were fluttering about the turrets.

"Do you not care to hear how the prayers of Clotilde, and the vow that Clovis made, when"—

"Ah, a vow! I know Henri made one on the mountain side at Choroaze. I am sure he made a vow that day, when we were so near death, but he would never tell me what it was. Perhaps he has sent a silver heart to Our Lady's altar."

Alice always felt her heart thrill when Henri's name was mentioned; for the depth and tenderness of his love for Rose touched her to her inmost soul. Strong natures that are capable of lofty sentiments and noble actions do not generally attach themselves to others of the same order; but they understand and appreciate them, and feel drawn together by a sympathy which often seems unaccountable, but which proceeds from the feelings and virtues that they have in common. Alice often thought of Henri's words, and encouraged herself to accomplish the task which she had set herself to perform, by calling to mind the example he had given her of self-sacrificing love. Her task was a severe one; for every one of André's letters, whether to herself or to Rose, were so full of sadness, and betrayed such utter dejection, that she could not help forming the worst opinion as to the state of his bodily health; and sometimes an involuntary suspicion would cross her mind—which, however, she always at once rejected as sinful. She would often ask herself, however, and more in fear than in hope, whether a struggle carried on in secret, and a concealed suffering, were not undermining that delicate frame. And as she thought over many of the words that had escaped him, and the expression she had often seen on his face during the days which they had passed together, and which seemed so long, and yet so short, the recollection of bitter

grief endured, mingled with that of a transitory happiness, would almost overwhelm her. She would reproach herself also with the line of conduct she had adopted towards André, although she could think of no better way in which she could have acted. Perhaps she had been wrong in urging him so strongly to keep his promise to Rose, and in talking to her so continually about him, and trying by every means in her power to raise the tone of her mind, and to increase her love for him; and in this respect she thought she had succeeded, for Rose became daily more preoccupied and less joyous. She seemed to be no longer happy at La Roche Vidal, where André never came or spoke of coming; and at last she timidly expressed a wish to go back to her relations. Sometimes she complained of headaches, and rejected all the attempts that were made to relieve and amuse her. When Alice tried to comfort her by speaking of the coming spring, and of André's return, she would begin to weep, as if she had ceased to look forward to it.

Mdlle. de Tournefort soon perceived that her niece, and the little village girl, as she always called Rose, were not happy; and that the calm and serene temper of the former, and the natural gayety of the latter hardly enabled them to bear up against the sorrow that, from some unknown cause, seemed to weigh upon them both. She animadverted more than ever upon the romantic ideas which, according to her, had brought about such sad results, and often reproached Alice with what she called her sentimental folly.

"This is the way your novels end," she said one evening, while vainly attempting to thread her needle by the light of the lamp. "You expect to make people happy by striving to carry out all sorts of absurd plans; and you only suc-

ceed in making them miserable. It is clear from M. de Vidal's letters that he is wretched. You must indeed be blinded by your mania for *mésalliances*, if you have not perceived it; and that poor little Rose, whom you have been tormenting with books and lessons during the three months that she has been here, in the hope of making an accomplished young lady of her, will never be anything but a very pretty and very charming peasant girl. You cannot have failed to notice how thin she is getting, and that she is losing all her color and freshness. In short, she is fading away like a wild flower shut up in a hot-house, and wearies herself to death with waiting for her fine gentleman, who cares no more for her than he does for me. I told you from the first how it would be, my dear Alice, if you would only have believed me. But, no; you would go your own way. You would follow your own fancies, and try to turn real life into a pretty novel."

While Mdlle. de Tournefort was speaking, Alice had listened with a visible effort, and with her hands clasped, as if in pain. Every one of her aunt's words entered her heart like a knife, yet she never thought of complaining, but took all the blame to herself, and silently accepted the doubts and fears that the somewhat rigid common sense of her good old relative suggested.

At last Rose fell ill. It was either home-sickness or the sickness of deferred hope; there is very little difference between these two complaints. One day she leant her head upon Alice's shoulder, and said in a whisper:

"My good angel, do not be angry with me; but I must leave you. I love you with my whole heart; and you are as good as the saints in heaven; but I weary every day for the sound of the river under my window, and I long

to get back to the cows, and to see my uncle and aunt. I cannot eat at your grand table, and my appetite goes away when I sit down at it."

Alice pressed her to her heart, and hastened to make preparations for her departure.

"Dear Rose," she said, kissing her as they took leave of each other, "he will soon be back."

"Oh, do you really think so?" exclaimed Rose, turning pale.

"Yes, yes, he will come back with the fine days in spring; and then you will cease to pine for your cows, and your river, and your garden, and even for your uncle and aunt."

"You are very kind," murmured Rose, as she threw her arms round her. "Pray for me, my good angel, for I am very unhappy."

Mdlle. de Tournefort, who had been watching the two girls out of her window, said to herself, with a sigh, "Well, we have got to the second volume of the novel. I wish to goodness we were at the last page of it!"

CHAPTER XVII.

THE carriage which conveyed Rose back to Jurançon stopped at about eight in the evening at the gate of the garden in front of M. Dumont's house. Aunt Babet came running out to meet her, and her uncle took her in his arms, and carried her into the kitchen, where a bright fire was burning.

"So here you are back again, little Rose! Come and sit close to the fire. You must be cold, child. Let me look at you: why, you are as pale as a ghost. Give her some supper, quick!" he cried to Aunt Babet, who was preparing the soup, and all the time looking at Rose, whose face was now lighted up by the bright flame on the hearth. She took off her bonnet and shawl, and her hair fell in long disordered curls all over her shoulders.

When Babet placed the soup-dish on the table, Rose clapped her hands and cried in childish glee, "Oh, there is our own good soup again! How nice it smells! I quite long to taste it."

Babet burst out laughing: "To hear you talk, one would suppose that your rich friends had let you starve."

"There was a great deal too much to eat out there; it took away one's appetite," said Rose, as she proceeded to demolish what her aunt had set before her. "Ah, dear old Médor!" she cried, stooping to kiss the dog's great head, as he came and laid it on her knees. "Is Henri still in Brittany?"

"He is coming back to-morrow," replied M. Dumont. "He will be uncommonly surprised, when he finds you here. But how pale you are, Rose, now that you are away from the fire! Have you been ill, little one? Are you very tired?"

"Oh yes, very tired, uncle; but I mean to have a good sleep in my own little bed up stairs."

As she laid her head on the pillow, she looked up with a sweet smile at Aunt Babet, who was drawing the curtains, so that the rays of the moon should not fall upon that childish face, which seemed, as in former days, to be waiting for a kiss from her old aunt before going to sleep.

"A letter!" cried the postman, knocking at the door of M. Dumont's house on the following morning. Rose ran to open it, and held out her hand for the letter; but trembled all over, when she saw that it was in André's handwriting, and addressed to M. Lacaze.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed, "why does he write to Henri? what can he have to say to him?"

She put the letter down on the table, and went and sat by the fire; but, during the whole of the rest of the day, she could scarcely take

her eyes off the address, and was absent and preoccupied, and would hardly answer when she was spoken to. If she went out of the house, the thought of the letter still pursued her; and, after walking once round the garden, she came back to look at it again, and to feel its shape and thickness, and examine its stamp and seal. She would have given the world to open it, but could not summon courage, though she tried to persuade herself that she had the right to do so.

"Perhaps it is something that requires an immediate answer," she argued to herself, "and it may be two or three days before Henri comes back."

She sadly wanted to ask advice on the subject; but as, above all things, she dreaded lest her uncle or her aunt should open the letter themselves, she did not venture to speak about it. While she was in this state of uncertainty, Jules Bertrand came to see her. She gave him a very friendly reception; and inquired after the old friends who used to meet her on the road between Pau and Jurançon.

"Ah, Mdlle. Rose, there are no more meetings on the bridge, now that you have given up all your old habits, and no longer sell fruit at the market, nor come to our weekly balls. I used to be so fond of M. André, and now I detest him with all my soul. They say that he is going to carry you off to Paris, and that we shall never see you again at Pau."

"How can people talk such nonsense?" said Rose, angrily; "don't his relations and mine, too, live here? Why should we be supposed to be so heartless?"

"Madame Vidal tells everybody that she can get to listen to her, that her sons are now gentlemen, and M. Baptiste is thinking of settling at Bordeaux, and she means to go with him. When people become rich they do not much like

living in the place where they once were poor. That is why I am so much afraid that M. André will go and establish himself somewhere, a long way off from Jurançon. Ah, you are going to be a real fine lady, Mdlle. Rose, a *lionne*, perhaps, as the newspapers say, and there will be no getting near you."

"Hold your tongue, Jules, you provoke me!" exclaimed Rose, stamping her foot.

"Ah, I am so glad to hear you tell me to hold my tongue; it shows that you are not changed yet, Mdlle. Rose; but then, also, you are not married yet. If I go to Paris, as I hope to do, for my aunt has promised to get me placed with one of my cousins in a linen-draper's shop, I shall never dare to present myself before M. de Vidal."

"Then it is you that will be changed, not I, my dear Jules; for who ever knew you lack courage to push yourself anywhere?"

"Well, you are quite wrong, Mdlle. Rose. For instance, I was quite unable to overcome my natural timidity, and call at the Château of La Roche Vidal all the time that you were staying there, though I was once in the neighborhood upon some business of my aunt's. I was dying to go and see you, but never succeeded in summoning up sufficient courage. I should have been so glad, besides, to renew my acquaintance with that charming young lady whom I saw and spoke to at Pau, and who sent me such a beautiful rosary from Betharam. She made an impression upon me that time can never efface."

Jules said this with such a sentimental air, that Rose burst out laughing; but the next moment she said, with a sigh, "Mdlle. de Morlaix is an angel. Jules, can you tell me at what time the diligence from Brittany comes in?"

"At the same time as that from Bordeaux, about four o'clock. Do

you expect any one to come by it?"

"Yes, Henri."

"Ah, M. Lacaze. He is grown quite gentle since last summer; everybody says he is hardly like the same person. It is ever since you went together to Betharam. You can have no idea how benign he is grown to everybody."

"Do they say that?" cried Rose, looking at André's letter, which was lying on the table.

"Yes; but they also say that he looks ill, and that he has grown very thin; and it is not to be wondered at, for it must be very unwholesome to keep in one's anger as he does. I know by myself; when I don't speak, it always makes me feel quite ill."

"Jules, go away!" cried Rose, in great agitation, for she had just heard Henri's voice in the kitchen, and her heart beat so violently as almost to choke her. She took up the letter, for she wanted to give it to him herself. "Oh! if I only knew what he says!" she murmured, clasping her hands over it. Jules went away, and soon Henri came in.

"Well, Rose! how are you?" said he, taking both her hands.

"Very well, thank you," she replied, trying to avoid his eyes.

"But I say just the contrary. You are ill, Rose. What is the matter with her?" said he, turning to Aunt Babet, who just then entered the room.

"You had better ask herself," answered her aunt, who was a little nettled by Rose's unusually taciturn demeanor. "She does not open her mouth twice in an hour. I suppose she does not care about talking to us now that she is going to marry a gentleman."

"Oh, Aunt Babet! how can you say such things, when you know how glad I was to see you, and how often I asked to be allowed to come back?" and the poor girl went

into the garden without seeing that it was raining.

"What is the matter with her?" demanded Henri a second time, in a voice like thunder.

"I tell you I know nothing about it; the whims and follies of the young people nowadays are quite unbearable. In my day, either people married or they did not, and you knew what to be at; but as for Rose—here she comes back; she looks quite upset. I shall leave her to you: perhaps you may be able to make her speak."

Rose came in, and, going up to the table, put André's letter upon it. "Will you read this letter, Henri?" said she, pointing to it. She went and sat near the window. Médor, who could not obtain the smallest notice from his master, laid himself down at her feet. Henri leant against the chimney-piece, and opened André's letter. A profound silence ensued. Rose sat with her eyes riveted on Henri's face, trying to discover there some indication of what was passing in his mind. It betrayed nothing, however. He read steadily to the end of the letter, and then turned back to the beginning and went through it again. This time he stopped reading every now and then, and looked straight before him, but without changing countenance or giving the least sign of what might be passing within him. At last he folded it up and put it in his pocket, and went out of the house. The rain had ceased, and a ray of sunshine flitted across the valley, and white clouds were sailing rapidly over the blue sky. Henri took off his hat, for his forehead was burning. He walked round the orchard and stopped for an instant by the meadow, and looked at the cows which were quietly chewing the dripping fragrant grass. Soon he retraced his steps, and went back into the house. Rose was still sitting where he had

left her, with her head leaning on her hands, and the dog sitting before her and gazing at her with anxiety. Henri sat down beside her.

"Rose," he began, "try and take courage to bear what I have got to tell you. God is my witness that I would rather die than give you pain. You know well that I would do anything, and give all I possess, to make you happy, but if He does not see fit that"—

"Is André dead?" asked Rose, turning pale.

"No, not dead; but he—the man who loved you, the man whom you love—oh, Rose! pray for strength to bear it, for strength to say, Thy will be done, Lord! Rose, my own beloved child, that man loves you no longer."

"Oh, Henri!" murmured Rose, in stifled accents, "does he say that? is that what he says in the letter?"

"He is still ready to marry you, he says, if you insist upon it, but he loves some one else, ungrateful villain that he is! Oh! Rose, Rose, do not cry so bitterly; you will break my heart."

"Oh, Henri! if you only knew!" murmured Rose, half choking with sobs.

"Poor child! you are very unhappy! I know very well how it is."

"No, no; you don't understand, you don't know, Henri!"—

"Oh! yes I do, indeed, only too well. Do you think that I too have not suffered, I who love you with my whole soul, who would give my life to see you smile, and to hear you say, 'Henri, I love you?'"

Rose lifted up her head, and let her little hands fall into the two large ones that were stretched out to her. Tears were still rolling down her crimsoned and burning cheeks, but a radiant smile was beaming on that childish face, and her features expressed nothing but

happiness. "Henri!" cried she, "Henri, don't you understand that I love you? Oh! I am too happy!"

Henri's face became as pale as death. "Rose! what do you mean? Speak quick, if you do not wish me to die! What do you mean?"

"That I love you, *you!* and that I love him no longer, and left off loving him a long time ago."

"It is not possible. My God! it cannot be true," murmured Henri in a stifled voice, and clasp- ing convulsively the two little hands that lay in his with such force as almost to crush them. "When was it? How did it come about? Tell me everything."

"I hardly know," said Rose, laying her head on his shoulder. "I hardly know myself when it began: perhaps it has always been so. I was doubtful about it before I fell ill, since the day that you carried me in your arms when the road gave way under us. But when you went to Bordeaux with the money for the substitute, I was quite sure of it. And afterwards, when I saw M. André again, before he went to Italy, I felt more certain than ever that I did not really love him, and that I had always loved you, even when I was not conscious of it. But I did not dare to tell anybody, for I had so often promised M. André that I would marry him. And, besides, he said he loved me. And you—I don't know"—

"You don't know! Oh, Rose! how narrowly we have all escaped being miserable! But read this."

Rose took the letter which Henri held out to her. But, before beginning to read it, she raised her eyes to his face with such a look of love and of happiness that he—the man from whom sorrow had never wrung a single tear, even when his heart was breaking—felt his strong breast heave, and turned away his head to hide the tears which rose to his eyes.

"Let us see," said Rose, with one of her old merry smiles, "let us see what says this poor André, who does not wish to have anything more to say to me." And in a low voice she read what follows:

"It is to you that I address this letter, which it costs me more than I can say to write; to you, who more than anybody have a right to reproach me, and to whom I have been the cause of such bitter grief, I now venture to come for counsel and guidance; and according to your decision my conduct will be ruled. In your hands I place my fate, and that of Rose, whose happiness, as I declare before God, is dearer to me than my own. Would that I could prove it by actions instead of words. What can I say? I loved Rose, as you too well know. What I have suffered during the last six months has made me understand what torture my love for her must have caused you"—

"*He* understand!" cried Henri, striking the table with his clenched fist, "that he never will!"

"And yet your heart has never been racked with remorse."

"How does he know? It is very well for him to talk."

"You have never had to accuse yourself of ingratitude, while I—not a day, scarcely an hour passes, that I do not reproach myself bitterly with the involuntary wrong that I have done to her, who ought to be dearer to me than anything on earth"—

"Ah! God be praised!" cried Rose, interrupting herself, "God be praised that he loves me no longer! What a pity that he should torment himself so much! We must write to him at once."

"Go on," said Henri; "finish reading this first."

"Whom I promised to marry, and am still ready to marry"—

"You see he says that," said Henri, with a slight touch of uneasiness.

"Ah, you think perhaps—You deserve that"—and she lifted her forefinger as if to threaten him.

Henri seized her hand, and pressed it to his lips in rapture.

"That I am still ready to marry her if she wishes it, and if you, her friend and protector, insist upon it"—

"And why don't you insist upon it, then?" said Rose, half pouting and half smiling.

"I am the master of my own actions, but alas! I am no longer so of my heart. Removed suddenly as I was from the obscure and monotonous life which I had led since my childhood, circumstances brought me in contact with one who inspired me with that deep, unchangeable, irresistible love which departs only with life. God knows I have struggled and prayed, but in vain I have tried to banish her image from my mind, and to conquer the love that I always looked upon as treachery to Rose. I have no hope of ever seeing her again: I shall never be of any account in her life. The torments I suffer are not relieved by one delusive hope. If Rose calls me back to her,—if you tell me to marry her,—I will promise her a faithful love, and an unflinching devotion. But would she find her happiness with me?"

"What do you say, Henri? We must write, and tell him not to make himself uneasy about my happiness. Poor André! I am very sorry for him. Let us see what more he says."

"I cannot believe that she would. It is not possible to be happy with one who suffers, and whose life is one long torment. My health gets weaker every day under the burden of grief that weighs upon me. I tremble at the thoughts of making my poor little Rose, whom I love so dearly, share my sadness, my weariness, and my misery. Oh, Henri! you who once loved her so well, who love her still perhaps"—

"You see," cried Rose, "how truly he guesses."

"He need not be a magician to find that out," said Henri.

"Ah! well! I know *I* thought you had quite left off loving me."

"You were a little fool. But now let me finish the letter."

Henri took it. It was as long as letters are wont to be when the person who writes is somewhat at a loss what to say. André offered to give Rose half the fortune that had come to him so unexpectedly, and begged his former rival to try and make her happy, since he was no longer able to do so.

"Do not hate me," he added. "I deserve that you should, I know I do; but if suffering may expiate a man's faults, I have a right to your forgiveness."

Rose was much touched by these last words.

"Henri," said she, "we must write him a very kind and comforting letter. We will tell him that you forgive him with all your heart. You do, don't you, Henri?"

"It is not very difficult now," he replied with a smile.

"We will tell him also not to trouble himself about my happiness, and that we thank him with all our hearts for what he offers to give us, but that we do not require it. We shall be rich, you know, Henri. Uncle always told me so. Oh, how pleased he will be, poor dear uncle! I forgot how happy it will make them. How I wish that André could be happy also! I wonder who it is that he loves!"

"Why, Rose, do you mean to say that you do not guess?" replied Henri, much surprised. "Well, *you* at all events are not a witch!—Why, Mdlle. de Morlaix, of course!"

"My good angel! Is it possible, Henri? Oh, how nice it would be, if they were to marry! They would be so happy together. They would read as long as the day is long. Only I wish for her sake that he

cared more about animals, for *she* is very fond of them. Give me the letter."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Give it to me: I have an idea in my head."

Such being the case, Henri had not another word to say; the letter was made over to Rose.

(To be concluded.)

A STORY OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

ON the 6th of March, 1474, a grand fête took place at the Castle of Capresa, situated in the territory of Arezzo, near the bourg of Chiusi, a pretty little country place in Tuscany; for the podestat (or magistrate) of the town, Messer Ludovico Léonardo de Buonarotti, was regaling his friends and vassals as a means of thanking Divine Providence for having sent him a fine, healthy boy, for whom he already began to predict the most brilliant career, although this beautiful, chubby-faced little fellow was as yet only a few hours old.

"My little Michael Angelo," said he to himself, rubbing his hands, whilst the priest poured the baptismal water on the head of the newly-made Christian, "my little Michael Angelo will one day be a podestat like me—what am I saying? Podestat! he will become an ambassador—perhaps even a gonfalonier."

And the happy father held up his head at these proud imaginations; and far indeed from him was the thought that the glory of his family would one day be only a *mason*, as he afterwards said in his impotent anger.

After the baptism there was the customary banquet, which was served up with great splendor; the rarest viands, the most exquisite fruits, the choicest wines—nothing was wanting which could contribute

to the brilliancy of the entertainment. Then, according to custom, the three principal guests pronounced each one a wish over the child, which had just been brought in asleep in his cradle, and who was smiling sweetly to the angels, without troubling himself about the horoscope which was being cast for him.

Then the first guest, taking a branch of rosemary, plunged it into some holy water, and depositing it on the cradle of the little Michael Angelo, began to say with an involuntary smile—for not only was he aware that he was about to wound the vanity of his host, but he even took a malicious pleasure in doing so—

"By this sacred rosemary, I wish that thou mayest one day be a great painter."

Messer Buonarotti shrugged his shoulders in disdain on hearing these words; but he did not venture to make any remark, inasmuch as the fine arts were at that time in great repute in Florence, and artists were patronized by Laurent de' Medicis, surnamed Le Magnifique, sovereign of Tuscany at this already distant period.

The second took a branch of vervain, dipped it in the same manner into the holy water, then placing it on the child's cradle—

"By this sacred vervain, I wish that thou mayest one day become

a great statuary," said he in the same tone, and with the same intentions as his colleague, for the vanity of the podestat had made him more envied than loved.

The dissatisfaction of Messer Buonarrotti became still more apparent on hearing these words.

Then the third took a branch of thyme, dipped it in the holy water, placed it on the cradle, precisely as the other two had done, and like them also he said,

"By this sacred thyme, I wish that thou mayest one day become a great architect."

And all three then kissed the child's forehead, and the little Michael Angelo was carried away still sleeping.

After these wishes, so contrary to the desires of the podestat, a certain coldness reigned amongst the guests; and it was a great relief to Messer Buonarrotti when he heard them call for their saddle-horses, and saw each one depart on the way to his own dwelling.

When the podestat found himself alone, he at first gave way to his ill humor; then, thinking that perhaps he might be able to remove the evil spells which had just been thrown over his son, he called his major-domo, Don Bartholoméo, in whom he placed entire confidence.

Bartholoméo commenced by trying to console his master; but afterwards, being superstitious, as were most people at that time, he persuaded the podestat to go and consult a *stregga* (witch) who lived near Sienna, and whose power was boundless. Messer Buonarrotti adopted this advice. The following morning, at the break of day, accompanied by a small escort bearing coffers filled with presents, he set out for the *stregga's* abode.

Towards evening he reached her dwelling, and was much surprised to find, instead of an old, decrepit woman, a young girl—in fact, almost a child—who, with her hair

floating over her shoulders, and her hands filled with fruits, resembled the goddess Pomona more than the Sibyl whom he expected to find. Don Bartholoméo having, however, affirmed that this was the *stregga* in person, the podestat knelt down before the young girl, and offered her his presents.

"Most lovely child," he said reverently, "take pity on an unhappy father, and overturn the evil spell which false friends have cast around his child."

The young girl smiled, and thus two rows of beautiful teeth, whiter than pearls, were to be seen between her coral lips.

"Show me your hand," said she, "and tell me what it is that torments you thus."

The podestat gave his hand to the young girl, who, whilst listening to the recital of the three wishes made by the guests, was attentively studying the lines which were developed under her eyes.

"Thy name will be handed down to posterity, thanks to that child," said she, when the podestat had finished; "he will be covered with glory, and will be renowned amongst the great ones of the earth."

"Then he will not be a painter!" joyfully exclaimed Messer Buonarrotti.

"He will be a painter," pronounced the *stregga* with gravity.

The countenance of the podestat thereupon became clouded.

"There is one thing which consoles me; he will not be a statuary, at all events," said he, trying to shake off the ill humor which was gaining upon him.

"He will be a statuary," pronounced the *stregga* slowly, in the same tone.

The podesta shrugged his shoulders, murmuring,

"Two wishes granted out of three! Heaven will, I trust, spare me the third."

"He will be an architect," said

the stregga, in a slow and solemn tone.

Then Messer Buonarotti lost all patience.

"To the devil with you, witch of Satan!" cried he, his eyes glowing with impotent fury; for in pronouncing these last words, the stregga had disappeared, leaving the escort, the podestat, and his presents in the middle of the road, where she had met them.

The poor father was forced, then, to return to his desolate home, being, however, decided on struggling against his fate; that is to say, on keeping his little Michael Angelo far removed from all arts and artists.

In the first place, he put him out to nurse at Settignano, at the house of a stonecutter, who was as rough and heavy as the material he had to cut. There he left him during five years, to live like the country people, and develop his physical strength, without any culture whatever capable of awakening the germ of his intelligence.

Everything is providential in the life of a great man; and thus the father of the little Michael Angelo, who dreaded beyond all things that his son should be made a mason, was obliged to put this child out to nurse to the wife of a stonecutter, because Settignano, where the podestat's estates were situated, is a country of quarries, and stonecutting was the one only occupation of the place.

Michael Angelo, who was vigorous and robust, grew up inured to the sun's rays and to the open air. His first playthings were a chisel and a piece of stone, which he used with wonderful skill in his little hands, already hardened at this tender age; and the sounds which never failed to silence his cries of grief or joy were the grinding of the saw and the noise of the workman's hammer.

When the young Michael An-

gelo was a little older, his father fetched him away and took him with him to Florence, there to begin the education so necessary for the career to which he destined him. Accordingly he dressed him in a little cloak, and put a cap upon his head and a grammar under his arm, and sent him to a master to decline nouns and conjugate verbs. It was pitiful to see what a doleful mien the poor child had.

At first the master took an interest in him, because he was such a fine, handsome, good-tempered boy; but little by little these good dispositions disappeared, and the professor loudly complained of his scholar, who spent all his time drawing with charcoal on the walls.

Messer Buonarotti was angry; scolded, and even severely punished the little disobedient child. But when he perceived that the spirit of the evil genius was interfering, and that his unlucky son decidedly preferred the brush and palette to all other kinds of learning, he was very discontented and angry, but at length he resigned himself very unwillingly to place Michael Angelo as an apprentice with Dominico Ghirlandaio.

The first wish was thus accomplished, and also the most ardent desire of the child, who had had the satisfaction of burning his grammar, and was never more to see the face of the pedant who had made him recite it.

Nevertheless, his father was far from pleased, and he was forbidden to come home. He was an apprentice, or almost a serving-boy, at Ghirlandaio's; but, in spite of all that, he felt himself happier than a Medicis, for he was free to daub as much as he pleased, and could, without fear of being scolded or having his ears pulled, pound colors, draw cartoons, or mould clay.

Michael Angelo thus attained his fifteenth year, and already dreamed of future glory as a painter, when

one day, as he was crossing the palace gardens, he met his foster-father and several of his old friends, honest stonecutters, who had nursed him at Settignano.

The meeting was most cordial. They pressed each other's hands, embraced, and mutually promised to meet again; for these worthy people, employed in constructing a pavilion for Laurent le Magnifique, were to remain some time in Florence.

The future great man joyfully kept his promise.

Almost every day, then, during the leisure hour which he was allowed from the studio, Michael Angelo went to look for the work-people employed at the grand duke's palace; and his joy was unbounded when these worthy friends, pleased to see the love which their young comrade still retained for the carving of stone, made him a present of a beautiful piece of marble, which they allowed him to cut about just as he pleased.

The only thanks of the podestat's young son was to take off his doublet, throw down his cap, and with a beating heart, sparkling eyes, and trembling lips, he seized a chisel and set himself to work with eager blows of the hammer, to rough-hew the head of an old grinning Faun (rural deity).

From that instant the studio of Dominico Ghirlandaio was deserted as the school of Messer Francesco had been; the second prediction was beginning to be fulfilled.

One day, when Michael Angelo had very nearly finished his work, a plain-looking man of about forty years of age, rather shabbily dressed, stopped in front of him and looked on in silence. The young statuary, intent on his work, took no notice of the stranger, who very soon came nearer to him, and quietly placing his hand on his shoulder, said to him, smilingly:

"My young friend, if you will

permit me, I should like to make an observation."

Michael Angelo turned quickly around, and seeing the simple appearance of the stranger, replied disdainfully:

"You make an observation—you!"

"Or a criticism, if you prefer it," continued the stranger, in the same good-humored tone.

The young man folded his arms, and looking at his interlocutor from head to foot, began saying in a sarcastic manner.

"Go on, sir; speak out; let us see whether you are a connoisseur."

The stranger did not appear to take offence at the discontented manner of the statuary apprentice, and still smiling with the same good humor, he said, with a little twinkling of the eye,

"Pray, where have you seen old men with all their teeth?"

Michael Angelo colored deeply, and bit his lips with vexation, for the observation was just; and the unknown, not wishing to increase the confusion of the young man by his triumph, immediately went away. Then the young statuary gave a great blow with the chisel in the jaw of the Faun, so as to break two of his front teeth, taking care to press in the gum to render the illusion more complete.

The next day, as soon as the garden was opened, Michael Angelo returned to his post to put the last strokes to his work. On arriving at the spot, he stood perfectly stupefied on perceiving that the Faun had been taken away. The old man, however, was there in the same place as he was the evening before.

"Where is my marble?" asked Michael Angelo, angrily of him, for he guessed that he was the author of this larceny.

"It has been taken away by my orders," replied the unknown, with the same smile as before.

"And who are you, sir, to give

orders in the garden of Laurent le Magnifique?" said the young man with haughtiness.

"Follow me, and you shall know," replied the unknown, walking towards the palace.

"Most certainly; I will follow you and force you to restore me my Faun!" cried Michael Angelo, walking beside him with angry strides.

When the unknown, still smiling, and the young man, still fuming and swearing, arrived at the steps of the palace, Michael Angelo, seeing his conductor about to walk up, hastily took hold of his arm and stopped him, saying,

"Stop, stop, sir! Do you mean to go on to the prince's apartments? In his garden, if you like, since he gives permission; but if you enter here, we shall both be turned out."

The unknown gently withdrew his arm, and without saying anything continued his way. When he crossed the antechamber, the guards and servants who were there immediately rose up and saluted him with profound respect.

"Ah, what!" said our young artist to himself, quite surprised; "can this countryman possibly be any one employed in the palace? Then I have made a great mistake in talking to him as I have done. But pooh!" said he again, with the indifference natural to his age, "it is of no consequence. My Faun is my own, and he must give it back to me."

The unknown, whom Michael Angelo still continued to follow, crossed the galleries and halls, not only without being stopped, but everywhere meeting with the same deference and respect.

"What the deuce!" the latter began to say to himself anxiously; "I think I have had a very foolish freak. If this good man should be the secretary of the prince, I shall have closed the doors of this palace against myself forever."

At this moment, and without

turning round, the unknown pushed open the door of a cabinet regally furnished, and enriched with the most precious works of art. Michael Angelo stopped on the threshold, perfectly dazzled. Frightened and trembling, he thought himself most certainly lost; and as he raised his eyes, in trying to make apologies for his conduct, he perceived in the midst of all these works of art his old Faun, placed on a beautiful console richly carved.

"You see, my friend," then said the unknown, still smiling in the same good-humored manner, "that if I have had your work taken away, it was in order to place it in very good company."

"But, good God!" exclaimed the young man, unable to contain himself any longer, "what a profanation! for my rough attempt is quite unworthy of all these beautiful objects which surround it. What will the prince say when he sees it here?"

"The prince will say that the future of a great man is to be seen in your work, my child; and he holds out his hand to you to aid you to walk in the arduous path which leads to glory."

And, whilst speaking thus, Laurent le Magnifique—for it was he—held out his hand to Michael Angelo, who raised it to his lips with lively gratitude.

From this day, the young artist remained attached to the prince, who had discovered his rising talent; but, unfortunately, this happiness was of short duration. His protector died a short time after, and then commenced for Michael Angelo endless peregrinations, which wearied his very existence. Often he was without money and without work, pursued by the hatred of his rivals, to whom his admirable talent gave offence; and it is said that a Roman sculptor even attempted to assassinate him.

But, through all these vicissi-

tudes, the third wish of his god-parents was accomplished, as well as the two others; for he completed his glory in erecting the cupola of St. Peter's at Rome.

Michael Angelo is undeniably the greatest genius of his age, as a painter, a statuary, and an architect. He has left in these three different arts the finest works in existence; namely, the picture of the Judgment, the statue of Moses, and the unequalled cupola which is still so much admired at Rome.

He declined gradually of a slow fever, and expired the 17th of February 1563, at the age of eighty-eight years.

Michael Angelo possessed physi-

cal beauty, and beauty of the soul, which is a thousand times more precious. Generous towards others, he lived scantily, and deprived himself of everything through his boundless charity; for he gave enormous sums to his relations, to his servants, to the poor, but more especially to artists.

Eager and earnest at work, not caring for pleasure, learned, grave, and austere, he loved solitude, less from a desire to avoid society than from a wish to recollect himself in God. Never neglecting his duties, severe for others, but much more severe for himself, his life was irreproachable, and he united firmness of soul to the sublimity of genius.

CONFERENCES ON THE BIBLE AND THE CHURCH.

V.

ADAM, in his fallen state, associated his two sons to his work and penitence. He shared the cultivation of the earth with his eldest son, and the pastoral care of the flocks with Abel, the second born. The sons did not regulate their conduct according to the commands of their father in the services of religion, as they had done in their respective departments of labor, and hence a novelty was introduced in the outward worship. Adam no longer contented, as in the days of his innocence, to pay due homage to the Creator of all things by abstaining from a few of them, he added the effusion of blood to the offering of the finest productions of the land and fold. The father and his offspring acknowledged themselves sinners; they confessed that they had no longer any claim to life, and substituted the blood of a victim to their own in order to express their sentiment. But the blood of ani-

mals could not replace that of man and expiate his sin; it was only a confession of guilt, yet sufficient to render the offering of Abel more perfect than that with which Cain satisfied himself.

Such is the source of the offerings and sacrifices which have always constituted the *essential worship* down to Jesus Christ, even among nations absolutely unknown to each other, and which is still in the complete and perfect order of religion ordained by the adorable Redeemer. The ever bountiful fruitfulness of Providence is praised among Christians by the *offering* of bread and wine, always accompanied by the *essential worship* by means of the adorable Victim who reconciles sinners by His blood, and has given them life by the sacrifice of Himself.

If we reunite in one the particulars of the histories of Noah, Melchizedek, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and Joseph, and of the following

ages, we find in all their religious services, a common repast after the sacrifice, great respect for the dead and a devout care for the preservation and decoration of their tombs. All those customs were equally admitted by the other nations, and indicate among the Hebrews, as well as the rest, the tradition of two important truths, viz., that all men ought to love each other, as being children of one and the same Father, who provides for them in common, and that there is a second economy of life, and something to hope for after death.

The silence of the sacred historian on the intention of these practices is well worthy of remark. If at the same time that he mentions the practices, he had also stated the intentions of them, he might be looked upon as the inventor of this doctrine. The more it seems natural to us, on the one hand, that Moses should have spoken of them, the more we perceive, on the other, that his silence was not without a motive. He leaves to a greater master the care of informing us about those important truths. This is the object of the great alliance which is to reclaim man from error and to bring him back to his duty. But the narrative of Moses, by mentioning the offerings, the sacrifices, the common repast, the funeral honors, and the tender attachment of families to their ancestors, shows the traditional knowledge of the truths connected with all those practices. The cupidity of the human heart wanted to find something else in them; the conceit of unenlightened human judgment pretended to interpret them; the rashness of selfish opinion dared to rule them: hence the first crime of idolatry. The knowledge of those things became more or less disfigured and confused; but notwithstanding, they remained in society, and proceeded from a prim-

itive institution, which we cannot refuse to acknowledge. In fact, the conformity of practices among nations that either hate or know not each other proves their reunion in one common origin. Therefore the history of mankind written by Moses has its vouchers and proofs throughout the society which covers the earth.

By transmitting to us the memory of the customs of the first ages, Moses informs us of the most important fact that could be communicated by ancient history, namely, that religion was never abandoned to the arguments of the human mind nor to the changeable researches of our reason. The Creator imprinted the principles of it on the conscience, with the "light that illumines every man coming into this world." No one can be ignorant of that law which is properly called the natural law, because the common nature of spirits is such that they are all sensible how just it is to honor our Maker and love our fellow-creatures. But the spirit of singularity might presume to add to, or retrench something from it; therefore all was fixed from the very beginning by the regulation of outward worship. Adam and Noah, when they ordered their children to make religious assemblies at certain determined times, and prescribed to them the rule of offerings, sacrifices, common repasts, and funeral honors, transmitted likewise to their posterity the instructions inseparably connected with these practices. The latter were significant and a real language, forming a public and perpetual predication, through which all those that were willing to understand it, conceived easily and without hesitation that we ought to give glory to Him from whom we receive everything; that we are obliged to acknowledge ourselves sinners, and to supplicate for the expiation of our iniquities;

that we are bound to love our fellow-men, as being children of a common Father; and finally, that we ought to honor the dead who have been faithful to the law, and be still united to them in the bond of charity, because they are not really dead any more than their works, but expect the judgment of God in an economy wherein the good shall be rewarded and the wicked punished.

The expectation and the persuasion of the first men are evidenced by their practices, as our actions are the expression of our faith. What we have just seen is the ground itself of our own religion, as well as of the natural law; whence it follows that the origin of primitive usages is no other than the foundation of the gospel: it is the same spirit and the same wisdom. Reason then at its first opening had its rule ready made; whatever it has added of its own, is only an alteration. But we cannot derive so much advantage from the narrative of Moses, unless we previously corroborate by unsuspected testimonies that will show its exactness.

The regulations and faith of the first ages mentioned by Moses, are found among the major part of the ancient nations, even those most sunk in superstition and idolatry. Hence all the monuments of profane antiquity become our authorities. Travellers have found the same customs amongst all nations the most obscure and uncivilized, and all unite in one and the same origin, and lead back to a primitive source of uniformity found only in the Mosaic history. Error produced many evil absurdities. Baal, an imaginary lord, placed in the sun; Baaltis, an imaginary queen of heaven, dwelling in the moon; a mother of harvests abiding on the earth, and other similar mad inventions of corrupted man, all of them destroying solid piety and

trust in God. There was opportunity for capitulating and bargaining with these whimsical and malicious deities, because they were the work of imagination and of human contrivance. But when we consult Homer, Hesiod, Diodorus, Plutarch, and all antiquity, we find among a world of fables, the religious assemblies, offerings, sacrifices, and expiations; the common repast and mutual tokens of brotherly love; the honors paid to the dead, and expression of the strict union which men intended to maintain with their departed friends. Paganism annihilated the spirit of religion, at the same time that it clogged it with ceremonies; but the original worship and the primitive truths were found in it. Now, this profession of living brotherly love with all men; of giving glory to a being, author of all things, and equitable judge, who punishes and rewards with justice, is properly what is understood by the natural law. It has been fixed from the beginning of the world, by the uniform teaching resulting from and implied in the outward worship and the earliest ordinances. So that Moses by informing us of the history of man, informs us likewise that he had from the beginning a rule, although he unfortunately pretended to frame it by his own understanding. This caused the fall of the first parents, and perverted the primitive worship and traditional law. All those who swerved from revelation have been led away by a spirit of independence and singularity. Thus the rule prescribed and revealed has been at all times one; whilst the arguments which evade, or obscure, or suppress it, are innumerable, and multiply from one year to another. The Bible continues the history of man throughout the progress of the corruption that ensued from his fall; and from the selection of a few events only, out of

a long extent of time, we perceive that it is rather the history of the human heart than of man. It keeps within the circle of our wants, and teaches us to judge wisely of all things, by valuing them only in subordination to the precepts of religion. When, for instance, it adverts to the most estimable arts, such as metallurgy, agriculture, music, musical instruments, and other beneficial inventions bestowed even on wicked men in the posterity of Cain, it shows that Providence gives even to the badly disposed what may be their due, and that we must notice their industry without jealousy or murmuring. It exhibits the domestic feuds and all the dismal consequences of polygamy first introduced by Lamech, in defiance of the primitive institution. This first example brings on and authorizes greater usurpations, and the greedy and strong appropriate to themselves what ought to have been divided. Anger and fury, supported by a strong constitution and a long life, make society a band of fighting men always in turmoil. Man advances from fall to fall, from mistake to mistake. Religion gradually dwindles even in the families that boasted of a remnant of fidel-

ity to outward worship. The sight of God's works, reason, conscience, religion, its practices, and the most intelligible instructions connected with them; in a word, all the aids of religion remained of no effect. The human mind reasoned upon the whole ordinance of heaven, and from the examination of authorities fancied it had found means to evade, or motives to despise them. It cast away the yoke of the law, and of the outward worship; for, wherever the spirit of singularity will intermeddle and pretend to be the rule, there will infallibly prevail schisms, infidelity, immorality, and the most fatal excesses. The Deluge alone could put a stop to the crimes of the first age of the world, whilst at the same time it became a dreadful warning for all futurity. Heathen antiquity has preserved the memory of this catastrophe; poets and historians of several continents have mentioned it; so that there is a monument of the awful event more exposed to observation than a pyramid erected immediately after the occurrence, and which should afterwards be searched for in one single place, without any certainty of the date of its erection.

THE INVALID TO SPRING.

I FEEL thy gentle breathing upon my cheek, fair Spring!
 'Tis but to me the fanning of the death-angel's wing;
 I hear the silvery accents of thy gladsome tones and meek,
 Echoes from the spirit-world they to my faint heart speak.

I breathe the scent of death in the violets of thy crown,
 Thine eyes are like the sun's glance from a coffin thrown,
 The echo of thy step that wakes to life the blossoming sod,
 Thrills through me like the falling of mine own funeral clod.

Thy vision 's like a maiden scattering roses o'er my tomb,
 Thy kiss upon my clammy brow is but a hectic bloom,
 Thy coming 's like the opening of a lily in the night,
 To heaven's endless summer thou'lt lead me, spirit bright!

THE VOICE AN INDEX TO CHARACTER.

FAR before the eyes or the mouth or the habitual gesture, as a revelation of character, is the quality of the voice and the manner of using it. It is the first thing that strikes us in a new acquaintance, and it is one of the most unerring tests of breeding and education. There are voices which have a certain truthful ring about them,—a certain something, unforced and spontaneous, that no training can give. Training can do much in the way of making a voice, but it can never compass more than a bad imitation of this quality; for the very fact of its being an imitation, however accurate, betrays itself like rouge on a woman's cheeks, or a wig, or dyed hair. On the other hand, there are voices which have the jar of falsehood in every tone, and that are as full of warning as the croak of the raven or the hiss of the serpent.

There are in general the naturally hard voices, which make themselves caressing, thinking by that to appear sympathetic; but the fundamental quality strikes through the overlay, and a person must be very dull indeed who cannot detect the pretence in that slow, drawling, would-be affectionate voice, with its harsh undertone and sharp accent whenever it forgets itself.

But, without being false or hypocritical, there are voices which puzzle as well as disappoint us, because so entirely inharmonious with the appearance of the speaker. For instance, there is that thin treble squeak we sometimes hear from the mouth of a well-grown portly man; when we expected the fine rolling utterance which would have been in unison with his outward seeming; and, on the other

side of the scale, where we looked for a shrill head voice or a tender musical cadence, we get that hoarse chest voice with which young and pretty girls sometimes startle us. In fact, it is one of the characteristics of the modern girl of a certain type; just as the habitual use of slang is characteristic of her, or that peculiar rounding of the elbows and turning out of the wrists which are gestures that, like the chest voice, instinctively belong to men only, and have to be learnt and practiced by women.

Nothing betrays so much as the voice, save perhaps the eyes, and they can be lowered, and so far their expression hidden. In moments of emotion, no skill can hide the fact of disturbed feeling, though a strong will and the habit of self-control can steady the voice when else it would be failing and tremulous. But not the strongest will, nor the largest amount of self-control, can keep it natural as well as steady. It is deadened, veiled, compressed, like a wild creature tightly bound and unnaturally still. One feels that it is done by an effort, and that if the strain were relaxed for a moment, the wild creature would burst loose in rage or despair, and the voice would break out into the scream of passion or quiver away into the falter of pathos. And this very effort is as eloquent as if there had been no holding down at all, and the voice had been left to its own impulse unchecked.

Again, in fun and humor, is it not the voice that is expressive even more than the face? The twinkle of the eye, the hollow in the under lip, the dimples about the mouth, the play of the eyebrow are all aids certainly. But the

voice! The mellow tone that comes into the utterance of one man, the surprised accents of another, the fatuous simplicity of a third, the philosophical acquiescence of a fourth when relating the most outrageous impossibilities,—do not we know all these varieties by heart? have we not veteran actors whose main point lies in one or other of these varieties? and what would be the drollest anecdote if told in a voice which had neither play nor significance?

Pathos, too,—who feels it, however beautifully expressed so far as words may go, if uttered in a dead and wooden voice without sympathy? But the poorest attempts at pathos will strike home to the heart if given tenderly and harmoniously. And just as certain popular airs of mean association can be made into church music by slow time and stately modulation, so can dead-level literature be lifted into passion or softened into sentiment by the voice alone.

We all know the effect, irritating or soothing, which certain voices have over us; and we have all experienced that strange impulse of attraction or repulsion which comes from the sound of the voice alone. And generally, if not absolutely always, the impulse is a true one, and any modification which, increased knowledge may produce is never quite satisfactory.

Certain voices grate on our nerves and set our teeth on edge; and others are just as calming as these are irritating, quieting us like a composing draught, and setting vague images of beauty and pleasantness afloat in our brains. A good voice, calm in tone and musical in quality, is one of the essentials for a physician; the “bedside voice,” which is nothing if it is not sympathetic by constitution. Not false, not made up, not sickly, but tender in itself, of a rather low pitch, well modulated, and dis-

tinctly harmonious in its notes, it is the very opposite of the orator’s voice, which is artificial in its management and a made voice. Whatever its original quality may be, the orator’s voice bears the unmistakable stamp of art and becomes artificiality; as such it may be admirable,—telling in a crowd, impressive in an address,—but overwhelming and chilling at home, partly because it is always conscious and never self-forgetting. An orator’s voice, with its careful intonation and accurate accent, would be as much out of place by a sick-bed as court trains and brocade silk for the nurse.

There are certain men who do a good deal by a hearty, jovial, fox-hunting kind of voice,—a voice a little thrown up for all that it is a chest voice,—a voice with a certain undefined rollick and devil-may-care sound in it, and eloquent of a large volume of vitality and physical health. That, too, is a good property for a medical man. It gives the sick a certain fillip, and reminds them pleasantly of health and vigor; it may have a mesmeric kind of effect on them—who knows?—and induce in them something of its own state, provided it is not overpowering. But a voice of this kind has a tendency to become insolent in its assertion of vigor, swaggering and boisterous; and then it is too much for invalided nerves, just as mountain winds or sea breezes would be too much, and the scent of flowers or a hay-field oppressive.

The clerical voice, again, is a class voice; that neat, careful, precise voice, neither wholly made nor yet quite natural, with its mixture of familiarity and oratory.

The voice is much more indicative of the state of the mind than many people know of or allow. One of the first symptoms of failing brain power is in the indistinct or confused utterance; no idiot

has a clear or melodious voice; the harsh scream of mania is proverbial; and no person of prompt and decisive thought was ever known to hesitate or to stutter. A thick, loose, fluffy voice, too, does not belong to the crisp character of mind which does the best active work; and when we meet with a keen-witted man who drawls, and lets his words drip instead of bringing them out in the sharp incisive way that would be natural to him, we may be sure there is a flaw somewhere, and that he is not what is called "clear grit" and "whole-souled" all through. We all have our company voices, as we all have our company manners, and we get to know the company voices of our friends after a time and to understand them as we understand their best dresses and state service.

The person whose voice absolutely refuses to put itself into company tone startles us as much as if he came to a state dinner in a shooting-jacket. This is a different thing from the insincere and flattering voice, which is never laid aside while it has its object to gain, and which affects to be one thing when it means another. The company voice is only a little bit of finery, quite in its place if not carried into the home, where, however, silly men and women think they can impose on their house-mates by assumptions which cannot stand the test of domestic ease.

The lover's voice is, of course, *sui generis*; but there is another kind of voice which one hears sometimes that is quite as enchanting—the rich, full, melodious voice which irresistibly suggests sunshine and flowers, and heavy bunches of purple grapes, and a wealth of physical beauty at all four corners. Such a voice is Alboni's; such a voice we can conceive Anacreon's to have been; with less lusciousness and more stateliness, such a voice was

Walter Savage Landor's. His was not an English voice; it was too rich and accurate; and yet it was clear and apparently thoroughly unstudied. *Ars celare artem*, perhaps; there was no greater treat of its kind than to hear Landor read Milton or Homer.

Though one of the essentials of a good voice is its clearness, there are certain lisps and catches which are very pretty, though never dignified; but most of them are exceedingly painful to the ear. It is the same with accents. A dash of brogue, or the faintest suspicion of the Scotch twang, gives a certain piquancy to the voice. So does a Continental accent generally, few of us being able to distinguish the French accent from the German, the Polish from the Italian, or the Russian from the Spanish, but lumping them all together as a "foreign accent" broadly. Of all the European voices, the French is perhaps the most unpleasant in its quality, and the Italian the most delightful. The Italian voice is a song in itself,—not the sing-song voice of a schoolboy, but an unnoted bit of harmony.

The French voice is thin, apt to become wiry, and metallic; a head voice for the most part, and eminently unsympathetic; a nervous, irritable voice, that seems more fit for complaint than for love-making; and yet how laughing, how bewitching it can make itself!—never with the Italian roundness, but *câlinant* in its own half pettish way, provoking, enticing, arousing.

There are some voices that send you to sleep, and others that stir you up—and the French voice is of the latter kind, when setting itself to do mischief and work its own will. Nothing strikes the traveller more, perhaps, than the difference in the national voice and manner of speech.

The sharp, high-pitched, stridulous voice of the French, with its

clear accent and neat intonation, is a pleasant exchange for the loose, flabby utterance of England, where clear enunciation is considered pedantic; where brave men cultivate a drawl, and pretty women a deep chest voice; where well-educated people think it no shame to run all their words into each other, and to let consonants and vowels drip out like so many drops of water, with not much more distinction between them; and where no one knows how to educate his organ artistically, without going into artificiality and affectation.

And yet the cultivation of the voice is an art, and ought to be made as much a matter of educa-

tion as a correct carriage or a legible handwriting. We teach our children to sing, but we never teach them to speak, beyond correcting a glaring piece of mispronunciation or so; in consequence of which we have all sorts of odd voices among us—short yelping voices like dogs, purring voices like cats, croakings and lispings, and quackings, and chatterings—a very menagerie, in fact, to be heard in a room ten feet square, where a little rational cultivation would have reduced the whole of that vocal chaos to order and harmony, and made what is now painful and distasteful beautiful and seductive.

OUR LADY'S KNIGHT.

CHAPTER I.

MANY years have passed since the incidents here related happened.

In those days a cry for help rang through the Christian world—a cry from Palestine, where the Holy Sepulchre and the holy places were in infidel hands. Those were brave days, when men thought not of comfort or home or of the ease of social life, but gave up, without one thought of regret, all they held most dear, and went over the deep seas to fight under the banner of the Cross.

History still tells of the brave Hugh Talbot, who died in the Holy Wars. He had already set sail for Palestine when his little son and heir, Bertrand, was born. He bade adieu to wife and home; he parted with many a broad acre of his fair estate in order to raise a small body of armed men. With these he

joined the first Crusade, and fell pierced by the dagger of a Saracen chief, crying with his last breath upon our Lady and St. George.

It was long before the noble lady heard of her husband's heroic death. When she did so, Bertrand was old enough to ask her why she wept and why she wore that heavy mourning dress.

The Talbots of Dene were a branch of that noble and ancient family celebrated in the history of their country. Their home was called the Helde.

The child Bertrand had many faults, but with God's help his mother trained him well; and as he grew in years, his soul grew in beauty. His one great pleasure was to hear stories of knights and warriors—stories of chivalry, wherein the strong helped the weak, and the brave defended the helpless. Above all other things,

he loved to sit at his mother's knee and listen to the story of his father's life and death.

One pleasant bright summer evening in May, the lady and her boy were out in the garden, sitting under the shade of the great trees. The perfume of a hundred flowers filled the soft breeze; the western sunbeams lingered, gilding the blossoms and the trees; the birds were singing their Vesper hymn; the little fountain under the chestnut-trees rippled merrily. On the lady's knee was a large manuscript beautifully illuminated, and she was bending thoughtfully over its pages.

The boy was playing near her in a part of the garden called *Our Lady's Grove*. It was a spot so beautiful, that its memory haunted those who saw it, and never died away from them. Overhead the thick branches of the tall trees were interwoven so as to form a perfect arch. Not one glimpse of the blue sky could be seen through the leaves, but the sunlight came filtered, as it were, through the branching roof, filling the green glade with a mellowed golden light most beautiful to see. Plumed lilacs and yellow laburnums bloomed between the larger trees, and the ground was a carpet of fairest flowers. Sweet blue violets, white lilies, and purple heart'sease grew in rich profusion. At the end of the grove stood a beautiful white marble image of the Virgin and Child.

Immediately above its head there was a small opening in the trees, through which a golden sunbeam passed, falling upon the face of our Lady and Queen. People came to visit the Helde, for it was rich in grand paintings and rare manuscripts; but they were forgotten long before the fairy-like Lady's Grove. No one knew from whence that wondrous image had been brought. It was large as life, and

the face had a look of such unutterable love and angelic purity, that it made all who gazed upon it love the Queen of heaven. The lips were parted with a smile; for the Mother was gazing into the face of her Divine Child. Careful hands had twined fragrant roses and stainless lilies at the feet of the Star of the Sea. One tall lily seemed bending in loving admiration over her head. A little fountain murmured its sweet rippling song in the grove, and of all parts of the garden, there was none the birds liked so much as this. They were always chanting there the glory of God and the praise of His Mother.

While he was still a child, Bertrand preferred to say all his prayers in the grove. Whenever ripe fruit, or sweet cakes, or any of the delicacies children love so well, were given to him, before tasting them he invariably went with the nicest portion and offered it to the Holy Child. One could have fancied Our Lady smiled as these gifts were laid at the feet of her Son.

On this beautiful summer's evening the boy played till he was tired; then he crept to his mother's knee, and looked over the illuminations in the manuscript. Mrs. Talbot was reading the story of St. George of England, and there was a picture of the knightly Saint in his armor.

"There, mamma," cried the child, "that is how I see papa in my dreams—that is how he looked when he started for the Holy Land. I too must be a knight."

"You shall be a knight, if you wish," replied his mother. "What will you be—a knight of St. George?"

"No," said Bertrand; "I shall be '*Our Lady's Knight*.' I care for no other title. For my shield I will have a stainless lily on a field of blue. I am not worthy to carry the image of the Queen of Heaven on my banner, but the lily is her emblem, and it shall be my pride."

"Then you will want to go to the Holy Wars, Bertrand?" said his mother.

"Yes," was the blithe reply. "I must be a crusader, and you, mother, must take care of the Helde, and pray for me as you prayed for my father before me."

"Your father was slain by a Saracen chief," the lady said—"a wealthy and powerful man who lives near Damascus. What should you do, my son, if ever he fell into your hands?"

"Do!" said the child hastily—"why, kill him, as he killed my father."

"Would that revenge be worthy of Our Lady's Knight?" she asked.

"In war," murmured the boy—"it is all different in war. I would freely pardon any enemy who offended me; but that Saracen dog who slew my father, I could not forgive him."

"Yesterday," said the lady gently, "I read to you the history of the men who murdered St. Stephen. Do you remember his prayer?"

"Yes," he said thoughtfully.

"Do you think," continued his mother, "that when Our Lady prayed for pardon for all men she said, 'Except for those who murdered my Son?'"

"No," replied the boy; "I am sure she did not."

"And if you call yourself Our Lady's Knight, who must you imitate?"

"Our Lady herself," replied the child. "Ah, mamma, I see all you mean. If I go to the Holy Land, and the Saracen who slew my father should fall into my power, I will pardon him, and show him a Christian's revenge."

"That is my brave noble boy," said the lady. "You may never reach Palestine; you may never see the man who is your enemy; but if you do so, do not forget the promise you have made this fair summer evening."

"I will not," replied the child. And then he left his mother's side; for she had turned from him, and lifted her calm face to the sweet evening sky, while her lips moved rapidly in prayer.

From that time the boy's destiny was settled. He grew rapidly. He was strong and healthy, gifted with wonderful strength and quickness. He studied deeply all knightly lore. He could ride the wildest horses, and with the sword, the dagger, and the crossbow he could do wonders.

His mother's eyes lingered lovingly on his comely young face. There was in it the strength of a brave warrior, the tenderness of a woman, and the purity of a child. At times when he lay sleeping she would kneel by him and pray. Ah, we know how good mothers pray for their sons. She never asked for riches or honors to be given to this her idolized boy; she never asked for talent or genius. Her one prayer was, that her son might have grace to save his soul; that in this life he might do and suffer as God willed; but that, come what would, her son should win for himself the kingdom of heaven.

He was not softly and delicately reared, this child whose life was one longing after the Holy Land. His fare was coarse and simple. He was better satisfied with a goblet of clear water from the cool well than with the richest and most costly wine. Body and soul, he was trained to be a true Catholic knight.

It was a proud day for his mother when he, by the hand of the brave Richard Cœur de Lion, received the order of knighthood—a proud day, although he was going from her, and her home would be desolate without him. The hour came when she kissed his comely face for the last time, when she clasped him in her arms, and prayed God to bless her son.

CHAPTER II.

IT was on one of the brightest of days that the young knight set out for the Holy Land. Proudly enough did the gallant fleet sail over the sunny seas. Bright and beautiful were the visions that filled the crusader's heart as he watched the blue sky and the sunlit waves. The lion-hearted king had spoken kindly to the young knight, and looked pleased when he saw the stainless lily upon the blue shield.

They reached the Holy Land at last; and then the desire of Bertrand Talbot's heart was accomplished. He was soon famous, even amongst the flower of chivalry, for his brave deeds, for the strength and prowess of his arm. Foremost in all danger, reckless of hardships and fatigue, always cheerful and gay, even when others desponded—there was no one more popular or beloved in the Christian camp than he who was known as *Our Lady's Knight*. He helped the weak, sustained the drooping and weary, comforted the sorrowing. His hand, so strong in battle, was gentle and tender as a woman's when he took care of the sick. By many a dying man *Our Lady's Knight* knelt and said the last prayers, and wiped the death-agony from his brow. Ask him anything in *Our Lady's* name, and he would grant it, if it were the half of his life.

The blue shield and the stainless lily were known as well in the camp as the royal arms of England or France. Once he had inquired from those who were present when the siege of Acre first began, if anything were known of Solymon, the Saracen chief, who lived near *Danascus*. He heard nothing, save that he was a renowned warrior, and was supposed to have in his palace many Christian knights as slaves. They spoke, too, of his immense wealth, and the wondrous beauty of his daughter *Solyma*.

That was all *Our Lady's Knight*

could hear of the man who had slain his father. He thought with horror of the Christian captives in the gorgeous palace.

"Let me die," he said, "on the battle-field with knights and warriors around me, the clash of arms, the sound of the trumpet, and the cheers of the soldiers in my ears; but to linger out a long life in that helpless captivity,—ah, God save me from a fate like that!"

His ardent spirit, his brave heart and fiery valor, rebelled at the thought. Any road to heaven, any martyrdom save this. Sad stories were told of the Christian captives, who were forced to labor loaded with chains, and oftentimes kept in a darksome prison. So large were the sums demanded for their ransom, that in many cases it was impossible to raise them, and the drooping captives died a long, lingering, living death.

Such stories were told round the camp-fires, and filled the heart of the young crusader with an untold dread. Was it a foreboding of what would fall upon that bright, glad young life, of the long and weary discipline that would fit this immortal soul for heaven?

King Richard, of the Lion Heart, often sent for *Our Lady's Knight* into his camp. The boy had a voice of most marvellous sweetness; never was heard one more beautiful among the children of men. It was so rich, so clear, so melodious, that it was only fitted to sing the praises of God and of *Our Lady*. In the grove at the *Helde* he had often amused himself for hours together, in singing sweet simple stories of *Mary*, his Queen and Patroness—little legends that one would think the angels had whispered to him, they were so quaint and lovely. When the warrior king was tired, and wished for rest, he would send for the young knight, and liked nothing better than the sweet legends he sang of *Our Lady*.

And one evening he sang so sweetly and so clearly, that the king and his officers were charmed. Then King Richard drew a chain of gold from his neck, to which was suspended a little cross.

"I have not shed tears," said the Lion Heart, "since I saw my father the king lying dead; but thou hast forced them from me, Sir Bertrand, by the sweetness of thy voice and the words of thy story. Until I die I shall love the great Queen of Heaven better for what thou hast sung of her. Take this chain, and if ever the time comes when thou requirest aid, send to me, and by the memory of this night I will give thee help and succor."

The young knight took the chain, and thanked the kindly monarch for his gift. Never again did he sing before the Lion Heart, or stand in the midst of that goodly array of stately warriors.

On the morrow came one of those sharp engagements between the Christians and the Saracens. Our Lady's Knight fought boldly; the stainless lily upon the blue shield was ever seen where danger was most prominent. The steed upon which he rode was killed beneath him; he mounted another, and nothing daunted, cried to the soldiers around him to fight in the name of Our Lady and St. George. Then came a sharp, quick blow from a Saracen dagger, and Our Lady's Knight fell upon a heap of the slain.

He was not dead, although his wound was painful and even dangerous. For many hours he lay there senseless and numb with pain. It was sad and sorrowful to see that young face, once the light of his mother's home, all white with agony and stained with blood. Was this the end of that gallant life, so full of high hope and brave resolve? The blue shield and the stainless lily lay broken by his side.

And then, O sad and sorrowful

hour! a Saracen horseman, mounted on a magnificent steed, and attended by a troop of followers, rode lightly by where so lately that deadly fight had raged. The glitter of the gold chain around the crusader's neck attracted him. He reined in his horse, and told one of his retinue to dismount and carry off the spoil from the Christian.

With cruel, ruthless hands they tore the chain from his neck, and then a deep moan burst from Bertrand's lips.

"Ah!" cried the chief, "he is not dead." And then, as the light from the evening sky fell upon the Saxon face and fair hair, he said, "How comely he is, the Christian knight! Surely he is noble and of high rank in his own land; there will be a goodly ransom for him."

In obedience to his lord's commands, one of the horseman flung the motionless body of the young crusader across his saddle, and he was carried off a captive in the hands of the Saracens.

Dire was the sorrow and dismay in the camp when it was known that Our Lady's Knight had been made prisoner. The king declared he would have revenge; but great events were happening, and men had not time either to mourn or avenge those they loved best. The King of France, in what seemed the moment of victory, had declared his intention of returning home, and the whole army were in a state of anxious suspense.

* * * * *

The sun's last rays had departed when Bertrand opened his eyes. Under an escort of Saracen horsemen, he had been sent by his captor to his own home, there to be guarded as a prisoner until a heavy ransom should be paid. The men had stopped to rest on the high road that led to Damascus, when slowly and confusedly his senses returned. His first glance fell upon the dark, fierce faces of his guards; and then

his heart sank, for he knew that the doom he had dreaded more than death was upon him—he was a prisoner in the hands of the Saracens.

He was weak and faint with loss of blood, and in his heart there reigned a desolation worse than death. While they hurried him along the high road, under the pale light of the evening sky, there came to him a vision of the beloved, gentle mother at home, who was even then praying on her knees for him. He asked but one question—

“Whose captive am I?”

They understood the meaning of his words, although his language was unknown to them, and a harsh voice replied:

“You are the prisoner of our mighty lord Solymon, the Saracen chief—Solymon, who lives near Damascus.”

Then the young knight's heart stood almost still.

“For what am I reserved, my God?” he cried wildly. “Why have I fallen into the hands of the man who slew my father?”

The great loss of blood so weakened him, that he ceased to know the hours as they rolled on: he was only conscious of the rough arms that supported him on that dreary journey. Yet those pains were all of use, for he offered them in union with the sufferings of his Divine Master.

The magnificent palace of Solymon was reached at last, and they threw the weary captive into a narrow cell. It was neither damp nor dark. The Saracen chief had no wish to harm his prisoner; he desired that he should recover, in order that the heavy ransom might come to him. It was a small, low room at the western end of the building, but it overlooked part of the magnificent gardens that belonged to the palace. A rude bed was prepared, and the young crusader was laid upon it. His wounds

were dressed by skilful hands, cooling drinks were placed at his side, and orders were given that he should want for nothing. “Great would be the sum of gold,” said the Saracen chief, “sent for the ransom of the comely Christian who now languished upon that sick bed.” Ripe rich fruits were given to him, and when the fever caused by his wounds abated, they gave him the generous wine of the grape, that gladdens the hearts of men.

There was much wonder in the young knight's mind; he had not thought yet of the ransom, and he marvelled why this kindness was shown to him.

Among the prisoners of Solymon there were men of almost every nation: there were captives from sunny France and fair Italy; from Spain, the home of chivalry; and every other Catholic nation whose sons had joined in the Holy Wars.

The greater part of the captives were treated with barbarous cruelty. Forced to labor loaded with chains, ill-treated in every way, deprived of sufficient food, it was woe to the Christians who fell into the hands of the Saracens.

When a large ransom was looked for, as in the case of Bertrand Talbot, the ill treatment was not carried far. When all hope or chance of obtaining a ransom was over, then the captives dragged on a weary life, full of suffering, and deprived of hope.

Slowly enough did health and strength return to Our Lady's Knight. He never ceased to call upon his Lady and Queen for help and deliverance.

The soul little understands the discipline that is sent in all love to prepare it for the glories of heaven. The proud must endure humiliation; ardent, fiery natures must learn the sublime lesson of meekness and patience. The discipline sent to prepare the soul of the young crusader for its future glory

was that of a long and painful imprisonment, wherein all that was most human died away from him, and his heart became detached from all earthly things, and inflamed only with the desire of heaven.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN Bertrand was able to leave his bed and sit up, he gazed with a rapture of delight on the gorgeous flowers and magnificent gardens upon which his window opened. It was a scene of marvellous beauty to him: the varied beauty, the glowing colors of the richly perfumed plants, the fountains where each drop of spray was like a rainbow, the picturesque and graceful shrubs, the trees of luxuriant foliage, and over all the clear blue sky. As it set in the "crimson west," the sun seemed to send him sweet messages of love and home in every beam. The soft breeze that came laden with rich perfume, whispered to him of the tender mother across the seas, who would never let her son languish in prison while a rood remained of the lands of the Helde. He did not murmur as yet; he was weak and languid, and he filled his heart and imagination with visions of swift-coming liberty and home. But as health returned, and new strength and life came with it, a wild longing for liberty seized him. He, whose childhood had been spent amidst woods and fields, whose ardent hopes and thirst for glory had brought him to the Holy Land—he who had led soldiers on to danger and to death, whose name had become a proverb for bravery and strength—to be shut up in that little room where he had barely space to move! It seemed incredible. He thought of his past glories, his military renown, the hopes with which he had left his home: was all to end in this, a prison cell and a captive's death?

The proud martial spirit writhed

at the thought. Anything but that. Give him the keenest pang death brings on the battle-field, the sharpest torture that could end his life; but not that—not the long torturing imprisonment and its wretched ending.

Poor boy! he was a boy in heart although a man in years. He bowed his head on the narrow grating where the sunbeams peeped in, and wept aloud. Vividly before his mind came the thought of the noblest conquest of all. Greater than the warrior who wins whole kingdoms, greater than the victor whose arms have never failed, greater than the king whose standard should wave over the grandest countries of earth—greater than all these is the man who conquers self; who can win the victory over his own will, wishes, and desires, satisfied to leave his life in God's hands, to shape it as He will—to crown it with the brightest of diadems, suffering and sorrow, and so conform it to the life of His Son, or to allow the sunshine of His love to play around it. He who has won this conquest is a brave man before God, he is the true warrior, and his victory is more glorious by far than the triumphs of Cæsar or Alexander.

Our Lady's Knight, though good and courageous, had not reached that sublime height yet; human wishes and desires, human love of glory and of fame, clung to him strongly, and dimmed the brightness of a beautiful soul. When these should be conquered and trampled under foot, the true warrior of Jesus Christ would be ready for his reward.

But the struggle would be long and painful before this was accomplished, and God's sweet will fulfilled in this dear soul.

When he was considered well, he had a certain portion of labor given to him, and it was to work in the gardens and help in the cultivation

of flowers. Life was not then quite so unendurable; he liked the hours spent out in the bright sunshine amidst the beauty of blossoms and trees. There were even times when he forgot that he was a captive; and while the sun shone and the perfumed breeze sighed around him, he sang again the sweet simple stories that had charmed the lion-hearted king.

One day there came to his cell the great chief Solymon himself; he wished to arrange about the ransom. It was a heavy sum he asked, amounting to what would be now over five thousand dollars in gold. Our Lady's Knight answered him cheerfully; for he knew the gentle mother in that far-off home would raise it for him, even should she sell the last jewel in her case and the last inch of ground belonging to the Helde.

At first his face flushed when he stood in the presence of the man who had treacherously slain his gallant father. For one moment only his strong young figure trembled, and his hands were tightly clenched. It was a temptation, for the old chief was there in his cell alone; but the Christian murmured to himself a prayer, and the dark thought fell away before the sweet names of Jesus and Mary.

It was no easy task, when the Saracen chief had left him, and sent to him a roll of parchment, to write to that gentle mother at home the history of all that had happened; to tell her that his martial hopes and high renown had ended in a captive's cell, and that for life he must remain there, unless she could send this heavy ransom, the raising of which would impoverish her so greatly.

His mother did not value the parchment any the less for the bitter tears that had fallen upon it. Not one word was said to Bertrand of how it would be sent, or how the ransom would be conveyed. But

when it was taken from his hands, he felt a new hope in his heart, and he sang that evening sweetly and clearly among the flowers—so sweetly and clearly, that the Saracen's daughter Solyma overheard him, and asked who was the captive with a voice more musical than that of the bulbul.

They told her it was one of her father's prisoners, a brave young knight who had won great fame in the Christian camp. They could not tell his name save that it was Bertrand, and he was known as *Our Lady's Knight*. On his blue shield he carried a stainless lily, and he was always singing the praises of Mary his Queen.

Ah, and still more: in his cell he had a cross made of two pieces of wood; on the wall with his own hands he had designed a pure lily; and under the cross there hung a picture of a beautiful and gracious Lady, whose face was more lovely than the sun, and in her arms she held a little Child. Who it was they did not know; but underneath her feet, in small letters of gold, was written the name of Mary; and Solyma murmured over and over again to herself that wondrously sweet name.

Nothing, then, would please the Saracen's daughter but she must see this Christian knight. One evening, when he was at work among the flowers, she, with her maidens, went into the garden, and there she saw the comely noble young knight who was so strangely to influence her life. She said no word to him, but something in the fair pure face she gazed upon filled her with wonder, and she thought much about him, and how dearly he loved Mary his Queen.

Bertrand had been some time a prisoner before he saw any of the Christian captives. Their labor was harder than his. But one morning early he saw them chained and led to work. His heart sick-

ened at the thought. Some were young as himself, others gray-haired and feeble. For some there was hope of ransom; for others all hope had fled. Ah, if his mother should be sick—if she should fail in raising the heavy sum demanded—then his fate would be even worse than theirs.

The Saracen chief, aged and worn, had come home to his palace to live. He had grown too old and feeble to fight; he longed only for rest. His beautiful daughter Solyma tended and cared for him. Those who had known him in the strong pride of his manhood believed the old warrior had come home to die. He was fond of visiting the garden, sitting where the warm rays of the sun fell upon him, and dreaming over again the battles of his youth and prime.

Two years had passed since the demand for the ransom had been sent home, and as yet no tidings had been heard. Thinking of this, Bertrand had no song to sing as he worked among the flowers. There was a grove of roses—rich and rare, queenly flowers, whose perfume was ravishingly sweet—and near them the aged chief liked to sit and dream. He never looked at the young crusader, whose bright life was fading in his prison walls. He was thinking of nothing save the glory he had won. The morning was very warm; the sunbeams fell upon his dark worn face, and the scent of the roses lulled him to sleep. The young captive saw his master sleeping, and he moved gently among the flowers. All at once his eye fell upon something dark and small, which seemed to glide underneath the sleeve of the Saracen's robe.

Bertrand drew near quietly. Upon the dark skin of the chief's hand he saw a viper, one of a kind he well knew, whose bite was deadly poison.

His senses for a moment were

confused. One bite from the reptile, one touch of its poisoned fangs, and his father's death was avenged, and he was free. Why should he save the life of his destroyer? Let him die the death he merited. The blood rushed in a fiery torrent to his brain and his heart. Let it be so. There was no one present to see. Death from a reptile's bite was a meet end for the vile heathen who treacherously slew his father.

Above the wild beating of his heart and the tumult of his thoughts, that flashed like lightning across his mind, he heard his mother's words:

"Vengeance is mine, and I will repay it, saith the Lord."

For one second he saw her pure gentle face and pleading eyes. He signed himself with the sign of the Cross, and went at the risk of his own life to save that of his enemy. One moment more and he would have been too late. With a vigorous grasp he clutched the reptile so that its fangs could not touch him, and destroyed it with a heavy stone that lay near.

With a start and a cry the old chief awoke. In a confused mixture of Greek and Arabic, Bertrand told him what he had done, and showed him the reptile dead.

It was a Christian's revenge, worthy of *Our Lady's Knight*. He had won a victory over himself more noble than any triumphs of arms. He thanked God for having given him the grace to resist temptation.

"You have saved my life," muttered the aged chief; and the young crusader's heart leaped with joy. He thought the Saracen was about to add, "I will give you liberty in return;" but the wished-for words did not come.

Before evening, every one in the palace knew that the young Christian captive had saved the life of his captor and foe, the Saracen chief. But no token of gratitude

was offered to him save one. His lord's daughter Solyma with her maidens sought him, and she offered him her tribute of thanks. He told her he had but done his duty; and she asked him to fetch for her the picture he had in his cell. It was a small one of the ever-Blessed Mother of God, that for many years he had preserved as an especial treasure. He was almost loath to show the picture to heathen eyes; but he remembered the mild face of the Saracen's daughter, and hoped much. Out into the bright sunlight where she stood he brought the little painting, and she took it gently in her hands.

"And who is this?" she asked, after gazing silently for some minutes upon that beautiful pure face. "Is it your queen?"

"Yes," said Bertrand; "it is my Queen, and I am her knight."

"How do you call this name in your own tongue?" she asked.

And with bowed head and eyes that gleamed with tears, he said slowly,

"Mary."

"Where does your beautiful Queen live?" continued the young girl. "I should like to see her."

With a face that glowed with love and faith, he raised his hand to the fair skies.

"There," he replied, "in the blue heavens lives my Mother and Queen."

CHAPTER IV.

SOLYMA could not forget the young Christian's words. Many hours after the sun had set in the golden west, she would watch the blue sky where the pale moon gleamed and the stars burned. She wondered what was on the other side, who was the beautiful Queen the captive loved so well; why, as his emblem, he had chosen a stainless lily. Rapid and wondering were the eager thoughts

that rushed through her mind; a strange, new longing, that she could not understand, filled her heart. She said to herself, over and over again, that she would give everything she had in the world to see and speak to that wondrous lady. As the captive worked amongst the bright flowers, she listened more eagerly than ever to the clear musical voice that seemed to rise to the very heavens, uttering so often the name she had grown to love.

No news came of the ransom; the Saracen chief never spoke of gratitude towards the captive, but the severity of his imprisonment was relaxed. Occasionally, too, he found in his cell a dish of ripe fruit and a flask of rare wine. He knew they had been sent there by the Saracen's daughter.

One day, as he was busy at work among the roses, he heard something that resembled a moan. Going in the direction of the sound, behind a large heap of stones which were being used for the erection of a new fountain he found a man, wearing the captive's dress, lying white and senseless upon the ground. Bertrand's heart sickened as he noted the heavy iron around the prisoner's ankles, and the chains upon his wrists. He raised the wearied head and pillowed it upon his arm, while tears, of which the soldier was not ashamed, fell upon the white, cold face. Was this the end of high hopes and military glory, this long captivity, this lingering death?

The face upon which he gazed was a noble one, although the deep lines upon it told of ruined hope and sick despair. Slowly the dark eyes opened and the white lips murmured, as though they would fain utter some word.

"You are very ill," said Bertrand gently, and in his own tongue, "what can I do for you?"

"Nothing," replied the sick

man, in the welcome Saxon speech, "nothing; lay me down and let me die."

"You are my countryman," said the young knight. "I am called Bertrand Talbot, of the Helde. I have been nearly three years here in prison. Who are you?"

"I," he replied, "have almost forgotten my own name, it is so long since I have heard it. I come from Kent and used to be called Hubert Dacre. It is fifteen long years since I fell into the hands of this Saracen chief."

"Have you hopes of ransom?" asked Bertrand.

"Alas, I know not. I left a wife and three fair children behind me, and I came to the Holy Land. I expended a small fortune in equipping myself and ten followers for the wars. I left my wife and children a goodly estate, but I do not see how they could raise half the sum this cruel extortioner demands. Ah, God!" continued the captive, "what cruelties, what indignities have they not heaped upon me since all hope of the money failed! I have been forced to the hardest labor, deprived almost of food, driven with violence to work when my strength failed. Now the time has come when I can stand no longer; lay me down, my brother, and let me die. I dreaded death, but I thank God the time has come at last. I am so weary."

Our Lady's Knight laid the suffering captive down upon the ground. He went back to his cell, where the day before a dish of ripe rare fruit had been left; he fetched it, and poured the fresh cool juice between the sick man's lips. It refreshed him, and then Bertrand helped him to his cell. When the captive prayed one of the great officers of the chief's household to obtain permission from his lord that he might share his cell with his countryman, the chief smiled con-

temptuously and gave consent. What had seemed to him a boon not worth granting, was like new life to Hubert Dacre. In spite of himself, tears would rain down Bertrand's cheeks, when in his nightly dreams the wornout captive would murmur the names of his wife and children, fancying himself once more at home.

"My home was so happy," he would say to the young knight, "we dwelt in a quiet homestead near the sea. In my dreams I behold again the walls of my house covered with wild roses and climbing flowers; I see the green meadows, the dark woods, the golden cornfields, and the orchard where my children loved to play. In the morning the sun used to wake me, shining in my room; when I opened my window, the perfume of the hawthorn and woodbine seemed like a message from heaven. I loved my wife so dearly, and my children were the best part of life. I left them," he continued, the old martial fire returning to his eye—"I left them when the cry came from the Holy Land. I knew I should meet danger, I did not fear it; I knew I might meet death, I did not dread it; but never in my wildest dreams did I picture a fate so sad as mine. For fifteen years I have lingered a hopeless, helpless captive; every day it seems to me that I have died over and over again. I have learned to bear in silence and resignation my daily labor, but I cannot endure the visions that come to me in the night."

"What are they?" asked Bertrand.

"Visions of my wife, my children, and my home," he continued.

"Sometimes I imagine myself in the sweet fragrant meadows, the hawthorn blooming upon the hedges, the wild flowers springing in the grass. I look upon the quiet beauty of the skies, and think of this land as of a dream. Oft-

ener still I see my wife's sweet face shining upon me, and hear her bid me "God speed," as she did when I left her so many years ago. Oftener even than that I dream of my three children: Oswald was a fine handsome boy of thirteen when I saw him last, and Ethel had blooming cheeks and bright eyes, but the fairest and best beloved of all was my little golden-haired May. I held her in my arms when I came away; she clasped her soft loving hands about my neck, her tender lips kissed my cheek, and her little tears fell upon my face.

"Come back again soon," she whispered, "come back to love me."

"Ah, Bertrand, in my sleep, in my dreams, I feel again the touch of those innocent lips; those child-like limpid eyes look into mine; my face burns where those tears fell, and her sweet voice calls to me, 'Come home soon.' I wake and wish my torture ended, that I might die. It is fifteen years since I held my child in my arms, yet she is ever the same to me. I cannot fancy her grown or altered, although I know she is a child no more; it is the bright golden head and laughing face of a babe that shines before me and tortures me with its tender beauty. Ah, me, I shall never see wife, children, or home again!"

The young knight's heart melted within him, as the feeble voice murmured of those beloved ones, and grew weaker day by day.

"I had a beautiful dream last night," said Hubert Dacre to Bertrand, one morning. "I saw my little May; she stood there near the cell door, she beckoned me with her hand.

"Come home, dear," she said, "we are weary of waiting; but I knew we should see you again."

"Take hope and courage," said the young crusader, "God is good.

You know not what happiness may be in store for you. God rewards magnificently those who serve Him well."

And as the knight taught sublime lessons of resignation and patience to the wearied captive, they stole deeper and deeper day by day into his own heart. For the first time he saw and felt their full beauty, and began to understand that nothing was worth living for save heaven.

"What would it matter after all," he said one day to himself, "what would it matter if my little span of life were spent here in captivity, provided I reach heaven in the end?"

Hard and bitter had been the discipline of that young heart before such thoughts as these came. After all, earthly glory, military fame, high renown, were beautiful; but what were they to be compared to the grandeur of the man who has so far conquered himself as to live only to do God's will, no matter what it may be or where it may lead him to? A new happiness came to him—the happiness that springs from perfect resignation—and the voice that sang amidst the flowers grew sweeter and clearer day by day.

One morning as he was going to work the Saracen chief sent for him. He was seated in great state, surrounded by the chief officers of his household. Before him stood a noble stranger wearing a religious dress new to Bertrand; on the table there lay a glittering mass of gold.

"Sir knight," said the Saracen chief, "your ransom is paid in all honor. You are free to return home with this noble stranger, who has come to seek you."

"It is true you are free," said the stranger. "I have brought the ransom of many noble knights, and I have a pledge for their safety. Some are here, others are im-

prisoned near Aleppo. I go now to free them; I will return for you in a few days."

"Tell me," cried Bertrand, "did my mother send this money? Is she well?"

"Your mother sent it, my son," replied the stranger, gravely. "She is well, for she is now amongst the saints of God."

"Do you mean," he cried, "that she is dead?"

"I who knew her cannot call it dying," was the reply. "I like better to say that she is gone home. Heaven, not earth, is the abode for such souls as hers."

"You are free from this moment," interrupted the chief. "You are no longer my prisoner; but if you like to remain here until your escort leaves the country, do so."

Bertrand bowed courteously and hastily quitted the presence of the chief and his officers. He had read the list of names of those knights who were ransomed; that of Hubert Dacre was *not* among them. He went out alone to the scene of his labors, the gorgeous flower garden. He wanted to stand under the blue sky and realize the fact that he was free.

Free as the wind that played with the roses, once more he could cross the sunlit seas, once more he could look upon the Helde, and play in the grove. Never again would his mother's gentle eyes gaze upon him, never would her dear voice utter tender words and blessings, but she, he knew, had "gone home to rest."

He said nothing all that day to the sick captive, who murmured in his sleep of his wife and his golden-haired May. Once Hubert, noting the new light in his face, asked what had come to him; but the young knight could not tell that wearied heart-broken man that he was free.

Night came, and when the two Christians knelt and said their

evening prayers together, Bertrand wept for very joy. Soon, so soon, it seemed now, he would hear the church bells chiming over the smiling meadows; once again he would kneel before the altar where his Lord was really present; once again the perfume of incense, the chants of the Mass, the prayers of the Church, would charm him as they had so often done before. He could not pray, at least in words; his heart overflowed with gratitude, and tears of happiness rained down his face.

"What is it, Bertrand?" asked Hubert, gently. "O, surely dreams are not coming to you as they do to me, making sleep a torture! I could die happy if I might see my children once more, for half a minute, just to gaze upon their faces, and then close my eyes forever. What has come to you? Why do you weep?"

"O, Hubert," replied the young crusader, "I did not like to tell you, but I must: do not wonder that I weep, for I am free."

"Free!" cried his listener, clasping his thin hands, "free to go where you list?"

"Free," replied Bertrand, "and in a few days I leave for home; my ransom is paid."

"Great God," cried the captive, "show me Thy mercy! He is free; let me not linger here. Bertrand, men call you *Our Lady's Knight*; for *Our Lady's* sake help me!"

CHAPTER V.

ALL night those few words rang through Bertrand's ears. *How* could he help him? what could he do? He could not raise his ransom. To find his own he knew all the resources possible had been tried. He might appeal to the King, who promised to assist him in his hour of need; but there was a faint rumor that the Lion Heart had fallen into the hands of his enemy, and lay in prison.

Help him, for Our Lady's sake. "Ah, my sweet Mother and Queen," cried the young knight, "you know I have never refused anything asked me in your name. Teach me how to help this poor prisoner, who is captive in the cause of your Son."

Like the sound of a clear silver chime, or the whisper of an angel, these words came to him:

"Give him your ransom, and let him go free."

No voice uttered them; they sounded only in the depth of his own heart. They were but his own thoughts; yet the young knight started as though some one beside him had spoken aloud.

There was a sacrifice—could he make it? give up forever all hope of seeing the white shores of his native country? never to gaze again upon his loved home, never to stand by his mother's grave, or listen more to the sweet chiming of the Sabbath-bells? To linger for perhaps a long life in that hopeless captivity, working through the long day amid Eastern flowers, longing with fierce wild desires to be once more in the battle-field, or at least among his fellow-men? to give up forever all hope of fame and glory, to die in that far-off land, where no prayer could be said over him?—he with his strong young frame, so full of life and vitality; he with his breast on fire with glowing hope! Ah, no; such a sacrifice would be noble, magnificent, but beyond him. God did not require or even expect it. What a wild dream it was! How foolish he had been to let such a thought even cross his mind! All this and more he said to himself, but he could not forget it.

"What would be the reward in heaven for such a deed?" he wondered. "What would Our Lady say to one who should make so great a sacrifice for her sweet sake?"

All night he lay awake, trying, but in vain, to harden himself against the gentle pleading voice. In his sleep Hubert Dacre was at home again; he heard him speaking to his loved wife, and caressing his little child; then, with a most bitter sob, the worn and wearied man cried, still dreaming, "Show Thy mercy to me, great God, and let me be free!"

What had he compared to this poor captive? No loving wife, no tender children mourned for him and called for him with unavailing cries. He had no earthly ties. He had vowed himself to the service of his Lady and Queen. Perhaps she would be better served by him in captivity. She would know how much he loved her, if for her sake and for her love he made this great sacrifice. As he thought and pondered a stray sunbeam peeped into his room, and through the narrow grating there came upon the cool morning air the sweet perfume of the fragrant Eastern flowers. The sunbeam and the fragrance made him think of heaven. What was the fairest of earthly beauty to the glory there? and what share of that glory would not God give to him if he made a sacrifice such as God loves? He had been asked for help in the name of Mary. Ah, if it cost him his life, he must give it. A few more years—nay, even a lifetime—of captivity were but as nothing when compared to the magnificent reward.

Then rising from the rude couch where he had tried, but in vain, to sleep, he knelt and prayed. As he knelt with this sublime resolve in his heart, the sunbeam fell upon his glowing face, and Our Lady and Queen accepted the sacrifice made for her sweet sake, and designed for her knight a magnificent reward.

In few, simple, but eloquent words, he laid his life and liberty at Our Lady's feet, telling her his help had been asked in her name, and

there was but one way in which aid could be given. He gave his freedom, and took upon himself the captive's chain. Sweet to him, he said, would be henceforth the burden of his captivity. He should bear it for her sake; sweet would be the labor and toil, the privations and cares. It would be all for her; never again should a murmur pass his lips. He would praise her that she allowed him to suffer, as her knight should do.

Was it wonderful that Our Lady smiled when the angels laid this prayer before her?

Not one word did Bertrand say until the stranger knight, who had a pledge for the safety of all the captives he ransomed, came to the palace. Then he told him in few words that he would remain, in order that Hubert Dacre, who had been fifteen years in prison, might go free.

Heroic acts of virtue and bravery were not uncommon in those days. The stranger knight said little: he told him it would be hopeless to look for another ransom for at least many years to come, that he had better well consider what he was doing. When the young knight told him he had considered and must do it for Our Lady's sweet sake, he said no more. Tears came into his eyes as he gazed upon the brave earnest young face, and he laid his hands upon Bertrand's head, and blessed him.

They asked permission of the Saracen chief to make the exchange. He was nothing loath. Hubert Dacre was worn out with his long sufferings; Bertrand Talbot was young and active, and no one had ever brought the chief's favorite flowers to such perfection as he had done. He laughed when he heard that one man had given up his freedom for another.

"How foolish these Christians are!" he said with a sneer; "they have no sense."

I cannot describe to you the wild joy of Hubert Dacre, when the glad tidings were brought to him. He knelt at the young knight's feet, and called him his saviour and deliverer. He kissed the kindly hands that took his chains, and his warm glad tears fell upon them. What blessings he called down on that noble young head! He tried to speak of his wife and his little May, to say how they would thank him; but his words failed, he flung himself on the ground, and wept aloud. He could not believe in his happiness; he was crazed and dizzy with joy. Then, when he grew calmer, he told Bertrand that if all other resources failed, he would go from door to door and beg until the ransom was raised for him. What joy there was in that long-tried wearied heart when he looked his last upon the palace, the garden, and the flowers!

I may tell you here that Hubert Dacre's trials were ended. When, after a long and painful journey, he reached the home he had left so long ago, wife and children were there, by God's blessing, to meet him: the son, a fine manly youth; Ethel, waiting her mother's permission to become a nun; and his darling, his golden-haired May, still a tender loving child in heart, if not in years.

If Bertrand could have known how they loved and prayed for him, how they told the story of his charity and self-sacrifice until all men spoke of Our Lady's Knight, who languished still in captivity! But the only reward he cared or hoped for was the approbation of his Lady and Queen.

In the palace near Damascus, the story spread: the Saracens laughed, the Christian captives rejoiced that so noble and kindly a heart remained among them. Solyma heard it, and wondered still more. She said, as had been said of old,

"How these Christians love one another!"

Year succeeded year, and Our Lady's Knight never repented his sacrifice. The Saracen chief, whose life he had saved, showed him no mark of kindness or gratitude. Solyma still gazed upon the quiet midnight skies, and wondered about the Queen who lived above them. Still the captive labored at his work, and grew to love the flowers he tended as though they were living beings. Day by day the sweet voice, that sang so clearly of the love of Mary, grew more like unto the voice of an angel. Seasons came and went, the flowers died and bloomed again, and no news came from that outer world to which Bertrand Talbot had once belonged.

The old chief lingered, dying slowly, as strong men often die; the sun rose and set, the tides ebbed and flowed, the planets went on their course, but no change, no release, came to the captives of Solymon.

Day by day the soul of the knight grew more beautiful and more fitted for heaven. All there had been of earth clinging to it was fading away. Bertrand rose early, that he might have time to meditate and pray. He went gladly to his work; for he did it all for God. The heat, the burden, the fatigue, the captivity, the restraint—he bore all cheerfully for the love of Jesus and Mary. When the day's labors were ended, he went amongst his fellow-captives, cheering and consoling them, speaking bright hopeful words of the glorious heaven to come, nursing the sick, and tending the dying. There was not a captive in that palace who did not love and bless Our Lady's Knight.

He had almost trampled human nature under foot; earthly glory, military fame, and high renown had ceased to charm him; he longed only for heaven, and the glory of

the saints. He knew nothing of what was passing in the world. They had heard something of the imprisonment of the Lion Heart, but no one could say if he were safe again. So ten long, long years passed on, and the brave noble young knight who had left home so proudly, bearing a stainless lily upon his blue shield, was now a saddened wearied man, longing only for heaven.

At length the Saracen chief fell dangerously ill. He bethought himself of the sweet voice he had heard so often amidst the flowers, and he sent for Our Lady's Knight, bidding him sing. Every evening, when the sick man wanted rest, Bertrand came to him, and sang the sweet old stories of his Mother and Queen.

Solyma listened, and her wonder grew deeper. The love of this Lady whom the knight served moved her strangely; and when the chief, soothed by the soft music, slept, she asked numerous questions, which Bertrand loved to answer.

Little by little the beautiful life of Our Lady was told to her, and the young girl became absorbed in the mysteries of the Faith. One longing took possession of her: it was to become a Christian, and live as Catholic maidens did in houses belonging to God.

In all the beauties and mysteries of the ancient faith the knight instructed the lady. He saw that she had a grand soul, capable of any sacrifice for the love of her crucified Master, now that she knew Him.

In patience she bided her time. While her father still lived she could do nothing; she was chained to the side of the sick man, and would not say one word to distress him. But when her duty to him was ended, she resolved to go to the land where Mary was loved and honored, and with her fortune build one of the houses Bertrand de-

scribed, where those who loved and wished to serve God dwelt together.

The chief lingered on his sick-bed, and no news came of the ransom that Bertrand had now long ceased to hope for.

Hubert Dacre had worked hard to obtain it, but affairs were not in a prosperous condition. The long imprisonment of Richard had thrown the kingdom into disorder, men were taxed to their uttermost, and years had passed before he obtained the sum necessary for the release of *Our Lady's Knight*. It was finished at last, and by trustworthy hands the ransom was sent, and Hubert Dacre looked forward with rapturous delight to seeing his friend—who had been so true a friend—again.

CHAPTER VI.

AN unexpected happiness came to the poor captives. A Norman priest made his way amongst them, in order that he might comfort them by the administration of the Holy Sacrament of Penance. He was disguised so that it would have been impossible to have guessed at his sacred ministry. Surely God in His goodness never granted a greater favor than this. The joy of making this confession was too much for the crusader, worn and wearied with his captivity. He was never quite the same after it; his face glowed with a new light. It was as though the glory of heaven shone already upon it. His voice grew sweeter and clearer, yet more feeble; day by day strange pains attacked him; there were times when he could not distinguish between dreams and things that really occurred. As he worked amidst the flowers, strange stupors came over him, and he could take no note of time. A weak faint trembling seized him, and yet he could not touch the coarse food given him to eat. Even the ripe fruit that still

he found at times in his cell lay there untasted. Strange dreams came to him. There were times when he forgot that he was a lonely captive in a foreign land, and he fancied himself again a child, lisping his prayers at his mother's knee or praying before the image in the grove. Again he rode a victorious knight in the field of battle, carrying before him his well-loved shield, whereon shone the stainless lily, the emblem of his Queen.

Yet, in the midst of these pains and trials, the bright soul grew more beautiful day by day, and more fit for heaven. There was little stain upon the purity of the white robe given to him in his baptism. He had made good use of his sorrows. One and all he had offered them to God in expiation of his sins; he had grown to love suffering, because it brought him nearer every hour to the feet of the Eternal Father. And so it was that the more he endured, the brighter and more radiant grew his soul, until God smiled upon it, and it was ready for home.

He felt no dread when the hour of his death approached; the glory of heaven had already begun to dawn for him. One day—it was when the roses were in bloom, and despite his fast increasing illness, he was at work amongst them—the Saracen chief had grown worse, and could no longer bear the music which had charmed him into rest. All that day it seemed to Bertrand that strange voices sounded in his ears, and a dazzling light shone wherever his eyes fell. Yet those who heard his evening hymn said that the sweet sad notes had never sounded so clearly. He sang for the last time the praises of the Lady and Queen he had loved so well.

When evening came, he went into his cell; he could no longer withstand the weakness that overpowered him. He sat down near the

grating, where to the last he could see the evening sky.

"You will help me, my Mother," he murmured. "During life I have served you; in my death help me."

His head fell back against the hard walls of his cell, an act of contrition came from his white lips.

Ah, me, who repays love and fidelity like Our Lady? I must not tell you what she did for her knight in the hour of his death. The glory of heaven shone in that cell. Those who found the captive in the morning spoke with wonder of the smile upon his lips, and the rapturous expression on his face.

His mission was ended; his soul stood before the great white throne of God. He is bright and beautiful now amongst the saints of God, and his crown is one of surpassing glory. In heaven he bears a lily more stainless and resplendent than the one he bore on earth.

There was grief even among the rude Saracens when it became known that the knight was dead. The fact might have remained long undiscovered; but, strange to tell, on the day of his death the ransom

arrived. When they went to his cell to give him the freedom for which he had longed once so wildly, they found a mightier Power had been before them, and set the captive free. Never again did the sweet clear voice sound amidst the gorgeous Eastern flowers.

Ah, and when he knelt before our Queen, he did not forget the poor heathen lady who had been so kind to him. His first prayer was for her.

When the Saracen chief died, his daughter came to England. She restored the ransom to Hubert Dacre, and together they built a church, dedicated to our Lady of the Angels. Solyma was baptized and received the name she loved so dearly. She was known amongst the Carmelites as Sister Mary of the Angels. While she lived she loved and cherished the stainless lily. It stood ever upon the altar of the church before the Blessed Sacrament. She liked best to see it there, for it seemed to her that Our Lady's Knight was keeping watch before his Lord.

Men have forgotten him now, although his story lingered long in their hearts, but in heaven all love and cherish "Our Lady's Knight."

SYMPATHY.

FELLOW-WORKER, toiling brother,
Come into the fields with me;
See! the sheaves support each other,
So with us it ought to be.

Lean upon me in your trouble,
And support me with your joy;
Friendship can a lifetime double,
Hatred will two lives destroy.

Oh! remember, the Eternal
Lays us in one barn together,
When with His right hand supernal
Sheaves of life He stoops to gather.

CIVILIZATION IN IRELAND BEFORE THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

THAT the early history of Ireland is, in comparison with that of most other countries, very little read or known popularly, is equally a matter of certainty and regret. Most schoolboys are well up in the historical records and traditions of Rome and Greece. They are familiar with the literature of both Empires, and quote their poets as household words. Again, they read sufficiently even to be able to institute comparisons as to the intellectual character of the Egyptians, Hebrews, Chinese, Indians, and Persians,—the five great Empires of the primitive world. The most delightful biography ever written, that of Agricola, by his son-in-law Tacitus, is read with avidity by those who seek for a bold and energetic picture of Britain under the Cæsars; and the annals of this country under the successive dominion of Saxons and Danes are, with the exception of some breaks in the ecclesiastical records, fairly familiar to most persons. But singularly enough, the history of Ireland is generally taken up at the period when her misfortunes commenced—those internal disquietudes which eventually led to her unhappy subjugation by the descendants of Britons, Romans, Saxons, Danes, and Normans. And yet prior to the Norman Conquest her history possesses, in one point of view, an unusual and thrilling interest: I refer to the great influence which Ireland exercised by means of her literature, schools, and teaching, internal and external, not only upon England, but even upon Europe, and some parts of Western Asia. The difficulties in the path of the student are, no doubt, many and important; a cloud of obscurity

surrounds the history of those early times; there is an inextricable confusion among existing documents, and a series of the most conflicting accounts. The cause of this is owing to the inroad of the Danes, who, with all the hostility and bitterness of uncultured barbarians to the evidences of refinement and civilization, destroyed whole libraries of manuscript literature, and inflicted on the country irreparable loss. But, thanks to the successful labors of such men as Usher and Colgan, these difficulties are in a great measure lightened; and he who possesses sufficient enthusiasm to enable him to surmount the few that remain will find himself more than amply repaid by a perusal of the annals of Ireland previous to the eleventh century.

There is no doubt that, prior to the Norman Conquest, Ireland was the great seat of learning and piety throughout the world; that she possessed numberless universities, monasteries, and schools in every county of the kingdom; that from England, France, Germany, and all parts of Europe, crowds of students flocked in continuous streams to her schools as the only seat of learning; and that she sent forth learned professors and holy monks as missionaries of piety and learning, who spread the holy faith, and founded monasteries and schools throughout the world. With regard to the schools and seminaries that existed at this period in Ireland, the following statistics were collected. In the first place, Lanigan in his History of Ireland says, that "schools and seminaries, under the name of monasteries, were established and governed by several Irish prelates of this period" (fifth century). The

great centre of learning seems to have been the university of Armagh, more than worthy of the name of university, since on the reliable authority of Felim, in the year 513, no less than the astonishing number of 7000 (!) students attended lectures. . . . Second to Armagh was the great monastery or university of St. Ailba, founded early in the fifth century. Moore speaks of the immense number of students studying at the monastery built by St. Finnian, at Clonard. Again, at the great college of Cashel, there were upwards of 5000 students and 600 monks. Very nearly the same number of students and monks resided at the different colleges of Down, Lismore, and Sletty. We read of doctrinal disputations at the university of Ardagh, founded by a holy saint—St. Mel. Louth boasted of a university built by a man of renowned learning named Moctheus. In Connaught, there was a great Episcopal seminary at Elphin. There were other Episcopal schools in Antrim, and a numerously attended college. There were also numberless schools, *e. g.*, Clonrode, Clare, and Clonfiesh, in Galway. There was founded in the north in 480 a large school by St. Olcan. Felim again speaks of the renowned Abbey of Mayo, which had attached to it a magnificent and well-attended college. The above universities and colleges are selected from a great number as being the most renowned.

What a magnificent panorama does this disclose! How grandly and boldly it sweeps away the curtain from those ages sneeringly classed by the ignorant and unthinking as "dark!" Here have we at one school alone 5000 students and 600 monks; 5600 men wholly devoted to the acquisition of the arts and sciences. In another 7000 students, and in proportion 1000 monks; each school a huge city of learning. And these

are but two out of the great number. Where, it will be asked, did these immense numbers come from? Usher, Colgan, Venerable Bede, Felim, and a host of authorities, such as Leland and William of Malmesbury, speak of the numbers of high-born Saxons who, year after year, flocked from all parts of England. No one aspiring to the position of gentleman was considered educated till he had completed his studies at some school in Ireland. Camden says, "The Saxons flocked to Ireland, as to a fair, to purchase knowledge." He and several others tell us that the English people acquired their knowledge of characters from the Irish, and it actually became a proverb; so that if any one was absent from home, he was said to have gone to Ireland for his education. Still greater crowds thronged the Irish schools coming from France and Germany. Italy too sent pupils; and throughout Europe the sons of princes, and princes themselves, came to Ireland "to acquire the highest wisdom." Alfred, king of Northumbria (acc. Felim), studied at the Abbey of Mayo, resided there a long time, and composed a poem in Irish, wherein he praised the learning, piety, and valor of the most hospitable of nations. The three eminent Britons, SS. Gildas, David, and Cadocus, the second a younger son of a king, owed their entire education to the zeal of Irish monks. St. Petrocus, again (acc. Leland) renounced the crown of Cumberland, and retired with sixty companions to Ireland, so great was the enthusiasm inspired by her schools.

These are but examples from the crowds who resorted to the Celtic monasteries, and from Britain only. Venerable Bede, Usher, William of Malmesbury, Leland, Colgan, &c., and a host of celebrated authorities, confirm these statements, and adduce numberless other instances.

How the imagination seeks to picture, for instance, at the great university of Armagh, the 7000 students, composed of so many different nations,—Celtic and Saxon, Norman, French, and German,—even many converts from the barbaric Danes! In the early morn the huge bells peal forth from the various quarters of the old city the summons to church and lecture. Wending their way in huge concourse and immense streams, you can listen to the thousands conversing together in the several different tongues and dialects, till arriving in presence of the venerable monks and renowned professors, the immense body kneels down, using in prayer and in lecture, as a common medium of communication, the language of holy Mother Church.

The zeal displayed by Ireland in the promotion of religion and education was not limited to her efforts at home. Colleges were established for the express purpose of sending forth missionary monks and professors to all countries. A distinguished French author of the ninth century writes thus: "What shall I say of Ireland, who despising the dangers of the deep, is migrating with almost her whole train of philosophers, to other coasts?"

This is so vast a field, and so easily corroborated by numerous authorities, that but a few instances will suffice. As early as the fifth century we find one man rising up from among the people, rarely gifted by God as an orator, poet, and divine. His name was Sedulius; and he carried not only his own fame, but that of his country, through France, Italy, and the western regions of Asia. In the sixth we see the renowned and holy Columbkil obeying the inspiration of heaven, and leaving his native land to effect a great and glorious work—*i. e.*, the conversion of the hitherto uncivilized Picts. He then founded the celebrated monastery

of Iona or Hyona, the burial-place of the Scottish kings. Congall, again, founded another great monastery at Bangor, famed for the multitude of students and religious whom its learning and the strictness of its rules attracted.

In the seventh century we read of St. Aidan becoming Bishop of Lindisfarne and "Apostle of Northumbria." He, with SS. Finan and Colman, effected the conversion of the Britons. In the same century Columba founded several monasteries in France and Italy; Argobast preached for many years in Alsace, and afterwards became Bishop of Strasbourg; Adamnanus departed, by the command of his superiors, to the court of Alfred, king of Northumberland; and Cuthbert, son of one of the Irish monarchs, acceded to the wishes of a deputation sent from England that he would accept the bishopric of Holy Island. But afterwards, called by God to a more secluded life, he spent his remaining years in prayer in the Isle of Farn.

A celebrated Irishman named Sedulius the younger, became a bishop in the south of Spain in the eighth century, and assisted at a council held at Rome by Gregory II, previous to his being made bishop. Another Irishman of rare gifts was Vergilius, who, besides being a distinguished divine, was a profound philosopher. He wrote a very brilliant treatise contradicting the received theory of the time as to the shape of the earth, which was universally declared to be a plain surrounded by the heavens; he proving it by unanswerable arguments to be a globe, and so on.

It would be beyond the intention of this sketch to develop the subject further. The few facts above selected, the statistics of the schools and colleges in Ireland as to the immigration of scholars, and the missionary efforts of Ireland's monks and professors, from the au-

thorities quoted, are offered merely by way of suggestion, and as an inducement to glance at that period of Ireland's history, which must possess the deepest interest equally for Irishmen, and for the descendants of those by whom a great debt has not and never can be repaid.

EDUCATION WITHOUT RELIGION.

OUR Infidel theorists would fain exclude religion from academies and schools. They hold that we have no certain knowledge of anything which is beyond the reach of our senses, that religion is not knowledge but conjecture, and therefore, of no practical utility, and that for all useful purposes, secular knowledge is quite sufficient. It is urged that civilization, by which is meant the conquest of matter by mind, has made immense strides, and that the triumphs of civilization, as they are called, have been achieved without the aid of dogmatic creeds.

Admitting the chief facts of this age's progress in art, commerce, and science, we, who believe that the Christian revelation is a fact, based on evidence through our senses of a message of God from the unseen world, maintain that religion must ever be the groundwork of all education worthy of the name, since man is made to pass by the good use of this world to life beyond the tomb. The present century may boast that its intelligence has taken a mighty bound, though not always in the best direction. That it has succeeded in not a few colossal undertakings, cannot justly be denied.

In far-off regions the pioneers of civilization have daringly opened broad canals, extensive railroads, and busy marts.

What modern skill has achieved in naval architecture may be seen

in the Great Eastern, a ship of 700 feet in length, and spacious enough for 10,000 passengers. In depositing on the ocean's bed a cable of 2000 miles long, the aforementioned steamship afforded a giant's help.

At the electric wire's solemn inauguration it is noteworthy that art and science served as religion's handmaids. From the United States' President to Great Britain's Queen, the first message was couched in these Gospel terms: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace to men of good will."

Although 16,000 miles intervene, telegraphic messages are now interchanged by London and Australia. An event which one day occurs at the antipodes is known and printed the following day in Europe and America. Ere long the world's entire circumference will be electrically belted, and then, in less than forty minutes, a telegram can be sent round the globe!

After twenty-three years' toil, at a cost of more than a million, has been erected Portland's granite sea wall, with a basement 300 feet thick, 100 feet in height, and nearly two miles in length. In the metropolis, wonderful are the river's embankments, tunnels, and railroads. In the provinces, an astonishing tubular bridge that spans an arm of the sea, has to be passed through by railway passengers to Holyhead.

As regards Continental enterprises, artificers, as well as school-

masters, have gone abroad, and are everywhere hard at work. In hydraulics, for instance, across the Isthmus of Suez, a grand canal, 100 miles long, has been cut from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean.

By Stephenson and Brunel's iterators, an eight miles avenue has been pierced through the Alps. Between North and South America is projected a junction of the two great oceans.

The loftiest of the world's tunnels is, peradventure, that of the Andes, 3000 feet long, and 15,000 feet high. The 3000 miles of railway from New York to California employed at times during seven years, 100,000 laborers. Noteworthy, also, are the 1200 miles of the Indian Peninsular railway, worked at an elevation of 8000 feet above the sea level. As if to outrun Europeans in sensational progress, America has held an international peace jubilee. About 20,000 musicians were engaged, and the choruses were reinforced by anvils, bells, fiddles, drums, and a park of artillery!

Some speculators have turned their hopes towards the regions of air. The atmosphere, it is presumed, may become a navigable highway for gas-inflated ships. Commercial bagmen may hire and insure war balloons, and defy cloud winds and hail storms as well as business antagonists, and even (as was done during the siege of Paris), interchange shots with hostile belligerent aeronauts. Like a circle formed by the stone cast into the tranquil lake, each discovery appears to spread to an ever-increasing circumference. As if by magic, inventions quickly follow one another. They loitered formerly, it seems, for ages on the road. From creation's dawn thirty centuries elapsed ere the first elements of geometry were taught to the children of men. Twenty centuries later, and the law of gravitation

was detected by Newton. About the same time Kepler thought his own theory might wait a hundred years for an intelligent proselyte, since, for an astronomer, such as Kepler, God had waited some thousand years. Verily, "science puffeth up." With the hand ever advancing on the dial of progress, does it not seem that pride's cloven foot always follows at the heels of vainglorious savants?

Of recent inventions, not the least undeserving of notice, is the spectroscope, which gives the curious an insight of the sun's physical constitution. Noteworthy, also, is the meteorograph, a novel instrument, whereby the rain tells in what measure its showers fall upon the earth; and the wind, likewise, registers its own movements. A revolution in the art of printing, will, it is said, be shortly produced by the logotype—an apparatus for casting thousands of syllables in a short time.

Having forced vapor to be an agent, lightning a messenger, and wind a servant, it need not astonish us if, by the swift march of modern intellect, the fabled mounting of the earth-born Phaeton to drive the chariot of the sun is left far behind.

However rapid their speed, in the acquisition of knowledge, the learned should pause to recollect that, although

Science may span earth and sky,
Yet, still earth's millions toil and die.

Have scientific inventions disclosed to truthseekers a more luminous beacon of faith than the Gospel of Christ? or removed from the future of humanity a single cloud? The ungodly venders of an education, falsely so-called, are ignorant of that philosophy which was revealed to men by the God of all science: "Behold the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom, and to depart from evil, that is understanding." This sound doctrine is ignored by Secularists,

who prefer physical science, classic, and gymnastic attainments, to progress in ethical training, which ought to be the lifelong study of Man. It is related of a student at a public school that his immodest behavior so shocked his parents at home that they complained of it to the school authorities; but the head-master replied that he was engaged to teach pupils Greek and Latin, and not morality. Better acquainted with Olympus and Parnassus, than with Calvary and Thabor—classic and muscular graduates are more likely to become sharp-witted Pagans than exemplary Christians. However, it is not the use, but the abuse, of athletic games and classical studies that is reprehensible. Both morally and physically, the youth should learn how to live—

As fits their station, and best pursue
What God has placed them in this world to do.

But, is this high purpose promoted by a Darwin, a Huxley, a Lenark, or a Tyndall, who, by urging an apish origin with loss of tail, degrade humanity to a brute level? The idea of this superfluous appendage having been worn off by the practice of sitting, has been laughed out of court, it appears, since Turner's remark as to the formation of human noses by the natural use of handkerchiefs. Skeptics are leagued together to live without God, and would dethrone Him if they could. The Evil One has public adorers. Revolutionists have openly declared themselves friends of the Father of Lies. Under the names of "Antichrist," "Babel's Tower," "Lucifer," and

"Satan," periodicals have lately issued from the Italian press—

Are these the pompous tidings ye proclaim,
Lights of the world and demigods of fame?
For this, hath science searched on weary wing,
By shore, and sea, each mute and living thing?

The guardians of youth ought to be convinced that without religious principles, there can be no education worthy of the name. The fine arts and sciences should be subordinatedly cultured, while the knowledge of God and His Son*Jesus Christ is kept ever paramount before the mind. The consciousness of a present and future Judge's all-seeing eye tends to maintain the tempted virtuous in the dark, and honest without a witness. To win prizes for proficiency in secular learning, or for success in athletic sports, is not the end wherefore the children of men were created. They should be taught to have nobler aims.

The doctors of the nation assure us now that bodily exercise is little profitable, whereas, godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is as well as of that which is to come, "a faithful saying," adds the apostle, "and worthy of all acceptance." Wherefore, piety should be the "Alpha and Omega" of a Catholic educational programme. According to Holy Writ, "Bring up a child in the way wherein it should walk, and when it is old, it will not depart therefrom." Of course, there are exceptions to the rule; but, a religious training's effects are seldom utterly lost; for,

Like a vase, in which roses have once been dis-
tilled,
You may break, you may ruin the vase if you
will,
But, a scent of the roses will hang round it still.

UNOPENED BUDS.

A SHAPE of beauty beyond man's device,
 Which held a precious life with us begun,
 Light feet at rest, like streamlets chained with ice,
 And folded hands whose little work is done,
 Make this poor hamlet sacred to our grief;
 Passed is the soul, which was of nobler worth,
 Like fire from glow-worm, tint from withered leaf,
 Perfume from fallen flower, or daylight from the earth

Star, faded from our sky, elsewhere to shine,
 Whose beam to bless us for a while was given;
 Little white hand, a few times clasped in mine,
 Sweet face, whose light is now turned to heaven.
 With empty arms, I linger where thou liest,
 And pluck half opened flowers as types of thee,
 And think that angels, amid joys the highest,
 Are happier for thy love, which still they share with me.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LIFE OF DEMETRIUS AUGUSTINE GALLITZIN, PRINCE AND PRIEST. By Sarah M. Brownson, with an Introduction by O. A. Brownson, LL.D. New York, 1873: Pustet & Co., 52 Barclay St., New York.

One of the most favorable signs of the times is the rapid increase of standard works on Catholic history, and this is particularly gratifying in a country where the growth of the true religion exceeds, if aught, the other elements of progress. The old Colonial and earlier Federal records are fast disappearing, or being withdrawn from public inspection, to the seclusion of libraries. Oral tradition must always be converted as speedily as possible into MSS., or it will disappear entirely, or become so intermingled with legendary lore as to prove worthless for the purposes of the historian. One of the most interesting portions of the early history of the Catholic Church in America, and especially interesting to Pennsylvanians, is the true story, more romantic than fiction, of the Prince-Priest Demetrius Augustine Gallitzin, and his re-

ligious settlement in the Alleghanies. It forms, indeed, a sacred pastoral, interesting to Catholics for its religious phases, to our separated brethren of all denominations, as a charming chapter in the history of our native State; for the thousands of travellers and summer tourists who, in passing continually over the great central artery of communication between the East and West, the Pennsylvania Railroad, as they swept around that sublime piece of scenery, "The Horseshoe Curve," or darted through the great tunnel beyond, or stopped to share the gay festivities, salubrious air, or health-giving waters of Cresson, could not fail to have heard something of Gallitzin and his settlement, Loretto, itself a famous resort on account of its springs, which rival those of Cresson; and where, beneath the old trees at the very door of Loretto Church, he sleeps in simple pomp his last, long sleep of death. Gallitzin's history has not suffered from neglect. Book after book, essay after essay, has already been published, making the public familiar with the theme. But all of these were more or less imperfect. Fr. Heyden's

Life was excellent as far as it went, but it was scarcely more than an extended sketch; and many of the magazine articles were mere accounts of Gallitzin's European connections. Miss Brownson has, however, gathered up all these, and combining with them much matter not hitherto brought to light, has succeeded in presenting to the public the fruits of her labors of combination and condensation, in a work which must supersede all former biographies, and place the authoress in a high position as an historical writer, and her book in the first rank as a reference for anything regarding its theme. One of the best recommendations of the work, and a rare attribute in biographical writing, is the impartiality with which Miss Brownson has treated of Father Gallitzin's character. She does not indulge in a series of empty laudations, but displaying all the weaknesses of her hero, shows how divine grace faithfully corresponded with had moulded him into one of earth's most perfect men. There is a large share of epistolary correspondence scattered through the volume, and the style is chaste, clear, and forcible, exactly suited to the subject. The book is embellished with a fine portrait of the saintly man commemorated, and is made still more interesting and valuable by the able introduction from the pen of the authoress's father, the widely known Dr. Orestes A. Brownson, in which he especially treats of the various phases of the Russo-Greek schism, from which Gallitzin was a convert. There is also a beautiful dedication to the memory of the dead mother of the authoress.

The binding is neat and durable, and the type remarkably clear. We are sorry that we cannot say as much for the paper, which seems to us to be unusually poor and altogether out of keeping with the excellent contents of the volume. This defect, however, can be easily remedied in future editions.

THE PROGRESSIONISTS AND ANGELA.
Translated from the German of Count Conrad Von Bollanden. New York: Catholic Publication Society, 1873. Received through Peter F. Cunningham, 216 South Third Street.

These are two more of the series of tales republished from the *Catholic World*, in the pages of which they have already earned such merited praise. They now appear bound in one volume. Their celebrated author is a German parish priest, who, being obliged through ill health to

forego the sacred duties of his office, devotes himself to literature, Catholic novels being the special line of writing wherein he has earned for himself a worldwide fame, and merited from Pope Pius IX the title which he bears as the reward of his labors. He is peculiarly an adept in "showing up" modern progress, that kind of "progress" at least which has its headquarters in freethinking and free-doing Germany; and whose disciples prefer to view the affairs, both of this world and the next, by the light of a bull's-eye on a locomotive, rather than by the light of Faith.

The tales are excellent, both in the lesson they convey and in the charming serio-comic style in which they are told; and we predict for them wide attention from all classes of cultivated readers.

ELEMENTS OF PHILOSOPHY. By Rev. W. H. Hill, S. J., Professor of Philosophy in the St. Louis University. Baltimore: Published by John Murphy & Co. Received through Peter F. Cunningham, 216 South Third Street.

We welcome this work with the greatest pleasure, because it fills a long-felt want in the curriculum of academical instruction. The advanced students of our colleges make their philosophical studies from the Latin text-books of the various approved Catholic authors, but that class of students who, either from the fact that they are not blessed with a fluent knowledge of the Latin tongue, or who have not the opportunity of taking a collegiate course, have been obliged to have recourse to the dubious works of the Protestant writers for what philosophical knowledge they could obtain in the vernacular. Independently, however, of this primary advantage, Father Hill's work is very meritorious. This first volume comprises only Logic and Ontology, but should it meet with public favor it will be followed by other treatises on Cosmology, Psychology, Theology, and Ethics. Of its soundness as a text-book, we presume there can be no question from the high standing of its author, and the suspicion that the Society of which he is a member would not otherwise have permitted its publication. Most of the Latin terms are retained for their conciseness, but always accompanied with an explanatory translation. The author has also adopted the simplest terminology, and omitted the discussion of the modes and figures of the syllogism, which are not of practical use. We give this work our warmest approbation, with the hope

that it is the precursor of many similar treatises, keeping pace with the gradual development of philosophical knowledge.

THE AMULET. THE FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER. Translated from the Flemish of Hendrik Conscience. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co. 1873. Received through Peter F. Cunningham, 216 South Third Street.

Herr Conscience is a charming writer, as all who have had the pleasure of reading any of his novels can attest. But it is so long since we have had anything from his once prolific pen that we had began to fear he was entirely lost to Catholic literature. His *Merchant of Antwerp*, however, which came forth about a year ago, the first book, if we remember rightly, that he has given us since 1858, revived his almost forgotten fame, as it was one of the best really Catholic stories lately emanating from the press; and now it is followed by the two volumes with the above title, and a promise from the publishers of a uniform series of all his works.

The Amulet is an exciting tale of deep crime and swift retribution from an avenging Providence on the one hand, and on the other, of gentle virtue supported by a firm constancy meeting the reward of its heaven-inspired confidence. The plot is founded on an historical incident which occurred in Antwerp during the sixteenth century.

The Fisherman's Daughter is, we fancy, more in the author's usual vein; the shades of night being depicted in colors less dark, and the lighter traits of sound virtue predominating, as they naturally should, in a chastely written story of the simple and beautiful life of the Flemish peasantry. Though neither of these "short tales," as they are designated on their covers, are equal to some of Hendrik Conscience's previous works, yet we can most heartily commend them as small specimens of that pure literature so much needed in our day.

ONLY A PIN. Translated from the French of J. T. De Saint Germaine. New York: Catholic Publication Society, 1873. Received through Peter F. Cunningham, 216 S. Third Street.

The incident on which this charming tale is founded, is a well-known and popular legend, which has been given in various forms for many years. But this version of an old theme is known in French literature as a little gem, ranking with Saintaine's famous tale, *Picciola*, or Laboulaye's *Fireside Stories*. It was only the other day that we held a copy of the original in our hands, and heartily wished that some one would translate it, when *presto*, like the work of a fairy godmother, who answers at an instant all good wishes, we in a few hours after find it on our table, "done into English," as they used to say on the title-pages of our great-grandfather's days. We are sure that we need not even suggest anything further about its merits; the title alone is sufficiently tempting to readers, even if the book had not already a European fame. But it is just with that very title that we have to find fault. Why give a so unnecessarily free translation of the far better name in the original; *l'Histoire d'un Epingle*? In this instance we think it would have been the wiser course "to let well enough alone."

A TYPOGRAPHICAL error in our review of *Wild Times*, in the May number, caused us to say that "Miss Caddell's *Blind Agnes* was equal in *profundity* to Cardinal Wiseman's *Fabiola* or Father Boyce's *Shandy Maguire*." The misprint was sufficiently ludicrous to be self-evident. The sentence should have read, "equal in popularity."

IN the next issue of this magazine will be published the *First Grand Prize Oration*, to be delivered at the Annual Commencement of La Salle College, June 19th, 1873, in the American Academy of Music, Philadelphia. Subject: "PIUS IX., AS MAN, PONTIFF, AND KING."

